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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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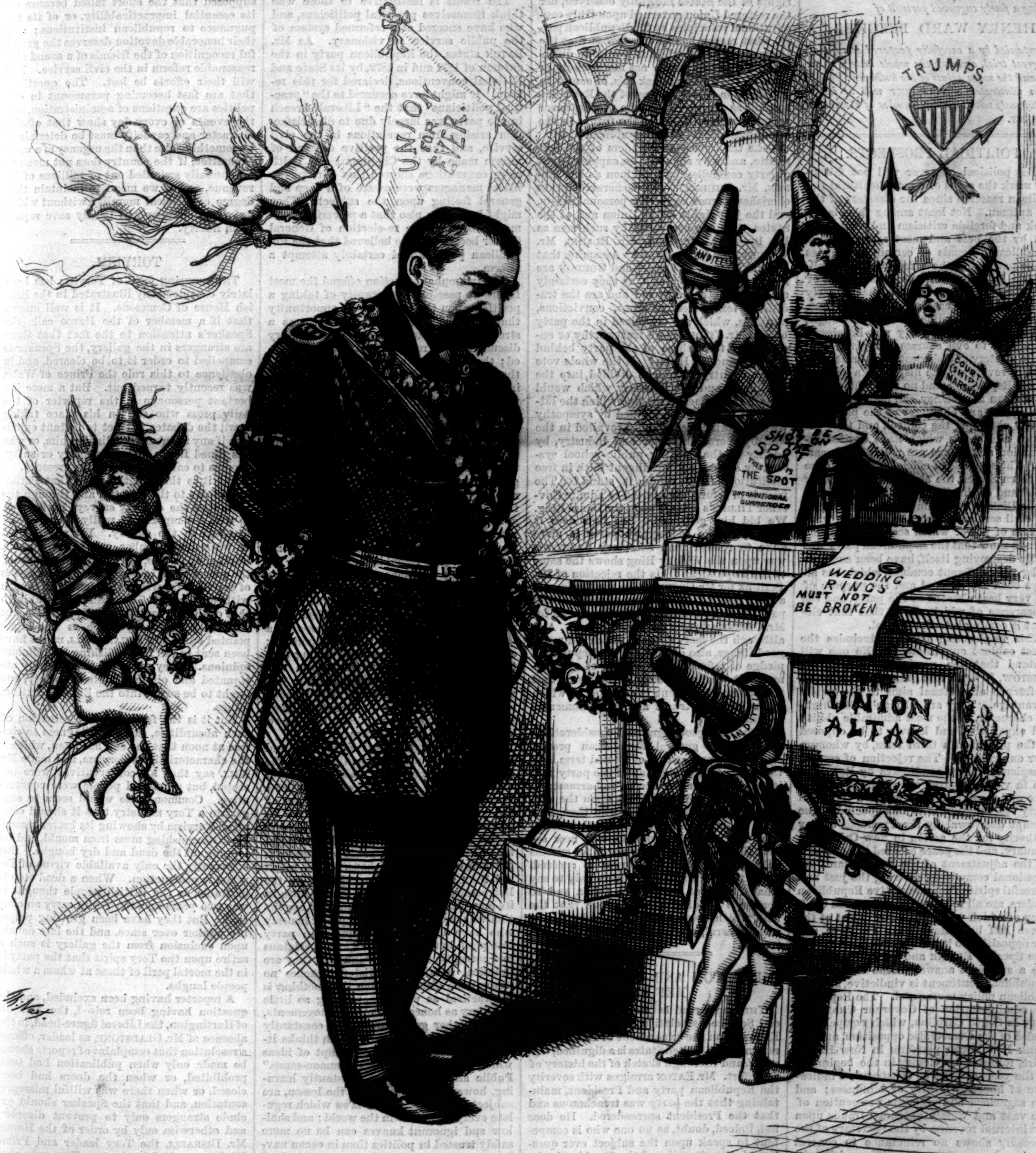
UNION FOR EVER
TRUMPS.
BANDITTI
BANDITTI
BANDITTI
COURT (SHIP) MARSHAL
TO BE SHOT ON THE SPOT
THIS IS THE SPOT
UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER
WEDDING RINGS MUST NOT BE BROKEN
UNION ALTAR
Th. Nast.

CAPTURED AT LAST (June 3, 1875).

PHIL SHERIDAN. "I am not afraid."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875.

☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT *is sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *containing a finely engraved portrait of*

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

accompanied by a carefully prepared account of the great trial, covering the whole history of the case and the main points of the testimony.

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POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

THE political observer will not fail to mark the signs of a most healthful Republican reaction since the disasters of the last autumn. Not least among them is the frank and forcible criticism and condemnation by the best and most representative Republican journals of certain tendencies of the party, and the arrest of those tendencies. In estimating the probabilities of the future it will be agreed that a party which, as in the case of General BUTLER, defeats its own candidates when they ought to be defeated is a party not hopelessly abandoned to evil courses, nor given over to the mastery of dishonesty and craft. Indeed, in reviewing the history of a year, no sincere Republican, and no man who prefers Republican ascendency, can doubt that the intelligence and character of the party are swiftly obtaining the control, and that the abuses and stains which have excited indignation and shame are really disappearing. The scandals of official conduct in the Southern States, the shame of the "salary grab" and of the *Crédit Mobilier*, the frauds in the District of Columbia, the betrayal of the civil service reform, the apparent wantonness of power which seemed some time since to show that the Republican party was madly destroying itself, have been succeeded by very different conduct, which has always been the demand and the purpose of the very best element of the party, and the appearance of which shows that that element is coming into the control.

This brightening prospect includes the latest cabinet appointments. No one will contend that the nomination of Messrs. BRISTOW, JEWELL, and PIERREPONT shows a preference of personal aims to the public advantage. They are all men of the highest character, of the most admirable ability and experience, and known to be opposed to the project of a third term, by whomsoever entertained. The rejection of certain conspicuous party candidates by Republicans in various States shows the independence and resolution from which a thorough party regeneration is to be expected. The prompt disavowal by the President of any authority for the action in New Orleans in January, and the peace secured to Louisiana by the adjustment of the Republican Congressional committee, showing the just and peaceful spirit of representative Republican leaders, are all indications of the good tendency of which we speak. The defeat of the Force Bill by a Republican Congress, and the opposition to it plainly expressed by men like Speaker BLAINE and General HAWLEY, are a sufficient answer to the charge that Republican sentiment is vindictive, and Republican policy revengeful. The Republican administration of Governor CHAMBERLAIN in South Carolina, which compels the praise of the Democratic opposition, and the frank Republican platform in New Hampshire, followed by victory in the beginning of the year, can not be construed as indicative of hopeless fatuity or blindness; and the sagacious and vigorous prosecution of the vast and widely extended frauds upon the internal revenue by the Secretary of the Treasury shows no reluctance to conceal wrongs done under a Republican Administration, but the most single and strenuous determination to purify the public service and protect the public treasure.

These are not all the good signs of a year, nor do we deny, on the other hand, that many things have been done by the Republicans which are to be regretted. No party is always to be commended, and no sensible American defends through thick and thin the party with which he acts. The important and vital question, as every month brings us nearer to 1876, is this, whether the Republican organization is so plainly and hopelessly controlled by dangerous tendencies and corrupt men or by leaders of low tone that a patriotic man must support the Democratic party or turn to the forlorn hope of a third candidate, not with any hope of immediate success, but to save his conscience, and to leave a nucleus for future action. The theory that if the Republican party is hopeless, the Democratic party must be hopeful, is worthy of the wisdom which thinks that the rump of the old party of slavery must needs be the party of liberty, and that the perfection of political sagacity and constitutional duty is to allow the White League to do as it chooses. If a patriotic man honestly thinks that the amendments will not be properly interpreted, nor the just rights of the States faithfully observed, nor the restored Union governed upon truly constitutional principles by the Republican party, what reason has he to suppose that the Democratic party, while it would do differently, would necessarily act more wisely or honestly? We do not ask this, of course, in justification of any failures of the Republicans, but as against those who profess to see better reason of hope for the future in the Democratic than in the Republican party.

Take the Democratic leaders of the best repute, and why should it be supposed that a party controlled by such men as Mr. TILDEN, Mr. THURMAN, and General GORDON cherishes a truer regard for personal rights, and the just rights of the Union and of the States, than one controlled by such men as Mr. BRISTOW, Mr. FISH, Mr. BLAINE, Mr. WHEELER, or Judge HOAR? Assuming that Messrs. TILDEN, THURMAN and GORDON are honest and patriotic men, as they certainly are, are the others less so? and are the traditions, tendencies, passions, convictions, purposes, which are organized in the party behind Mr. TILDEN more trustworthy or encouraging than those of the party behind Mr. FISH and Mr. HOAR? If the whole vote of the country should be divided into the intelligent and the ignorant, which would sustain the former party, and which the latter? If it should be divided by sympathy with the principles which prevailed in the war, by moral character and industry, by fidelity to the existing public-school system, by sincere and intelligent faith in free institutions, how would it stand? The friends of reform are invited to admire Governor TILDEN'S assault upon the Canal Ring. We bid him godspeed. But how does it show that the Democratic party is more alive to reform than Secretary BRISTOW'S war upon the Whisky Ring shows the same of the Republican? Is the rejection of Mr. SCHURZ for Mr. COCKRELL by the Democrats a more re-assuring evidence of political and party health than that of Mr. CHANDLER for Mr. CHRISTIANCY by the Republicans? And although the last Congress, which did many good things, also dishonored the Republican pledge of reform in the system of appointments, it was in the Republican party that the reform movement began, and in which it has still its truest and most numerous friends.

If to these good signs and considerations we add the general Republican protest against the proposition of a third term, and the evident determination of the party that it will not suffer itself to be embarrassed in the campaign by any doubt upon the subject, the most desponding, who thought a little while since that a Democratic restoration was only too probable, will now see that the Republican party needs for success only to show that it deserves to succeed. To do this, its conventions have only to say what its truest supporters think, and to nominate candidates who prove that the best, which, as we believe, is also by far the most general, sentiment of the party controls it.

MR. EATON AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE paper read before the American Social Science Association by Mr. DORMAN B. EATON upon the experiment of civil service reform in the United States is a dignified, vigorous, and thorough sketch of the history of the effort. Mr. EATON arraigns with severity the Republican party and President, maintaining that the party was treacherous and that the President surrendered. He does not, indeed, doubt, as no one who is competent to speak upon the subject ever questioned, the sincerity of the President's desire to do something to reform the shameful and perilous system of appointments to office. But he is of opinion, with all who have had the same opportunity of observation, that the President did not see the whole scope of the evil, nor correctly estimate his own power of resisting pressure. It is, however, only justice to the President to state the consideration to which we presume that he succumbed. It was represented to him that he held political power only as the trustee of a great party; that the conditions of maintaining an effective party were familiar and established; that the dominance of the party was essential to the highest interests of the country; and that he had no right, for any whim, or even for any honest preference of his own as to methods which were not approved by the general judgment of the party, to compass its defeat, and so expose the country to a disastrous restoration of the party of the opposition. The argument is not new, but it was naturally very powerful with a soldier who had little political knowledge or experience, and who was implored by those whom he believed to have both not to abandon to the enemies of the Union as a civilian what he had rescued from them as a soldier.

The result is instructive to those who think themselves practical politicians, and who have sneered at a reformed system of the public service as visionary. As Mr. EATON states, the Republican party in the autumn of 1871 and in 1872, by its State and National conventions, declared for this reform. It might have occurred to the "practical politicians" that the "Liberal" breach in the party was largely due to dissatisfaction arising from revelations in the civil service, and that the positive demand of reform made by the Cincinnati and Baltimore conventions showed that shrewd political managers were aware of a deep and general feeling upon the subject. They might have seen also that a powerful sentiment sustained the re-election of General GRANT because it was believed that the Republican party would certainly attempt a reform.

The triumphant election offered the most favorable possible opportunity of taking a position upon the subject—an opportunity that will not soon return. There was a strong public sentiment; the preliminary discussions had resulted in a detailed method; the party was committed to the trial; the Executive had four years for the experiment; old issues were ending, political ties were loosening, and a firm and sagacious prosecution of the new policy, by opening the public service to proved merit rather than to mere party devotion, would, under the circumstances, do more than any thing that could be suggested to destroy the organized political opposition and lead to a real reconstruction of parties. Fidelity to the new policy was the key to a new era of good feeling. It would have confirmed the wavering and convinced the doubting. It would have put in the wrong those who asserted that the Republican party had become a camp of spoilsmen, and would have presented it incontestably as the party of real reform. But at the very first crucial test the President faltered and failed. The public faith was shocked; the hope of a large part of the party was disappointed; and there was a bitter general feeling that the proposed interest in the reform was merely an election cry, and that there was no sincere purpose whatever. The "practical politicians" smiled complacently. They knew how to manage parties. They knew the folly of visionary politics.

Two years have passed since then, and there is not a "practical politician" in the Republican party who does not doubt whether it can elect a President in 1876. We are far from saying that the mishaps of the party are due to the betrayal of its pledges upon this subject; but there is nothing plainer than that the lower moral tone of which this betrayal is a symptom is the reason of those mishaps, which result not from any increased confidence in the Democratic party, but from loss of faith in its opponent. It is not its men of conviction who trust principles and prefer honesty who have brought the Republican party into peril, but its hucksters and charlatans and corruptionists, who think that they are practical politicians. History teaches no lesson more distinctly than that nothing is so practical as principle, nothing so little visionary as honesty. Political movements, like all other good causes, are constantly betrayed by the ignorance which thinks itself smartness, and the contempt of ideas which is called "practical common-sense." Public affairs, as we are constantly learning, however little we heed the lesson, are subject to the same great laws which regulate every thing else in the world; and shallow and ignorant knaves can be no more safely trusted in politics than in ocean navigation. The "practical common-sense" of Republican politicians has succeeded for the present in defeating civil service reform, but it has also brought the party into the defeat of last autumn. It would really seem that a little "vision" might have been more serviceable.

It is but fair to say that, in regard to the acts which seemed to show Executive faltering after the second inauguration, Mr. EATON says that the President intended to be faithful to his duty. There is certainly no reason to doubt it. But had he had the perception and the resolution, without which it was useless to expect any real result, he would at that time have thrown upon the Senate the responsibility of resisting the proposed reform. The rule he had adopted may have been unwise. It is too late now to discuss that point. All that was asked was that he should observe its spirit, and so prove his purpose to the whole country. But his action was an unequivocal surrender, and from that moment it was useless to suppose that he would resist a pressure which he had immensely strengthened by yielding to it. He may have thought it his duty to yield, but that conviction only hopelessly confirmed the defeat. Mr. EATON and his associates chivalrously sprang to the rescue of the new system, lest it should be supposed that the effort failed because of its essential impracticability, or of its repugnance to republican institutions; and their honorable devotion deserves the grateful recognition of the friends of a sound and reasonable reform in the civil service. Nor will their efforts be lost. The questions that are fast becoming paramount in our politics are questions of administration, and the events of every day show that official character and capacity must be determined by something else than the urgency of a ward committee, if the country does not mean to be annually swindled out of millions of its revenue, and if we mean to maintain that degree of political morality without which universal suffrage will hardly save republican liberty.

TORYISM.

THE amusing folly of Toryism has been lately conspicuously illustrated in the British House of Commons. It is well known that if a member of the House calls the Speaker's attention to the fact that there are strangers in the gallery, the Speaker is compelled to order it to be cleared, and in obedience to this rule the Prince of Wales was recently turned out. But a more important personage is the reporter of the daily press who sits in his place taking down the debates, subject to instant expulsion if any member who dislikes him, or who has dined freely and feels merry or sulky, chooses to call attention to his presence.

Yet it is through the press that Parliament talks to the country, and through the press that the country surveys Parliament, so that the reporter is really the people of England in the gallery. Yet any fuddled or whimsical member can turn him out. Further than this, the published reports of the proceedings in Parliament are breaches of privilege for which the House can punish without appeal. The absurdity is akin to that of the old and practically obsolete, but still existing, law by which, as was lately pointed out, JOHN STUART MILL might have been sent to jail for publishing his religious opinions. They are relics of an utterly antiquated and obsolete state of society, and ought to be swept into the limbo of extinct follies.

But it is the fond and fast retention of such absurdities, the unwillingness to confess at noon that the sun has risen, which is the characteristic of Toryism, and made Mr. MILL say that all conservatives were not stupid, but all stupid people were conservative. Common-sense would seem to suggest to a Tory ministry that it should commend Toryism by showing its better reason, by distinguishing moss from mould, and by lopping off the dead and dry boughs. But apparently the only available virtue of Toryism is obstruction. When a dead stop is desirable, as the British people thought it was two years ago, the Tories carry an election. But they have been growing palpably weaker ever since, and the late debate upon exclusion from the gallery is such a satire upon the Tory spirit that the party is in the mortal peril of those at whom a whole people laughs.

A reporter having been excluded, and the question having been raised, the Marquis of Hartington, the Liberal figure-head, in the absence of Mr. GLADSTONE, as leader, offered a resolution that complaint of reports should be made only when publication had been prohibited, or when the doors had been closed, or when there was willful misrepresentation, and that the Speaker should exclude strangers only to prevent disorder, and otherwise only by order of the House. Mr. DISRAELI, the Tory leader and Prime Minister, replied in the true Tory vein that the House had always done very well under the old rule, and that little occasional inconveniences were of no importance. The reply of Mr. LOWE was an admirable illustration of the power of common-sense as opposed to Toryism. He asked at once the origin of the rule. If the conditions from which it arose and which made it desirable have ceased to exist, the rule should be abolished. Now the rule was adopted to protect freedom of debate, to prevent the king from imprisoning members who did not speak as he chose. But that danger no longer exists. Parliament earnestly wishes that its debates should be printed, but its rules provide that if a man does what it strongly desires he should do, he can be sent to prison and heavily fined. And why, he asked, should the whole Parliament that wishes its proceedings published suffer one man at his mere pleasure to defeat its will? Of course there was no answer. But the party whip was cracked, and the Tory War Secretary was engaged in summoning the faithful to vote for the continuance of the absurdity, when Mr. Sullivan, an Irish journalist, practically showed its character by rising and calling attention to the presence of strangers in the gallery, and the reporters were instantly turned out; and it is understood that after a hot debate the subject was deferred to the 2d of May.

Mr. Disraeli's Toryism is almost too Toryish. It makes him ridiculous and irritates the country, and he will undoubtedly find that he must abandon his position upon this subject. Yet he can not do that without serious injury to his prestige, while the exquisite absurdity which he has chosen solemnly to defend is such a ludicrous illustration of "conservatism" that his cause will suffer with him.

POLITICAL ROME.

The rumor that the Pope means to reassemble the Vatican Council may be incorrect, but it would not be surprising that the Jesuit interest which controls the policy of Rome should have taken alarm at the comprehensive and resolute attitude of the opposition which its designs have evoked. The Œcumenical Council, with its declaration of papal infallibility, was intended to be the most powerful weapon in the new warfare which political Rome is waging with human liberty and civilization. Rome has raised again the question whether she shall be once more the mistress of the world, whether the laws made by the people of various countries shall be subject to the approval of a Roman priest, and whether loyalty and obedience to him shall supplant patriotism. That the age of Pius IX. is not that of Gregory VII. or Innocent III. is very true. That the forces of modern civilization are hostile to the designs of Rome may be indisputable, but it is against those forces that the new papal crusade is directed, and to say that they must necessarily conquer does not dispose of the fact that the attack is made. They will not conquer unless they are organized and marshaled, and that is the interest of the spectacle in Germany at this moment.

The one enemy upon which Jesuit Rome did not count when its reaction against modern civilization began, sixty years ago, now confronts it, and that is a statesman of the clearest perception and of the most unquailing resolution—a man of the incisive force and comprehensive grasp of the Roman Hildebrand himself, and of a tenacity as absolute and unshrinking. Bismarck early saw the purpose of Rome, and knew that a house divided against itself can not stand, that Rome must be subjected in Prussia or Rome would subject Prussia, and he had no doubt which it ought to be. He has pierced every disguise, disdained every pretense, and does not mean that the Church which has just demanded in Spain the restoration of what it calls "unity of faith"—that is, its own unquestioned supremacy and power to persecute—shall overthrow in Germany the liberty which the state has hitherto maintained. The plea of Rome, which constantly seeks to conceal its political by its ecclesiastical character, that to confound its politics is to persecute its faith, Bismarck treats with just contempt. Three years ago, in the German Parliament, when he was asked the intention of the Government toward the Pope, he answered, "We are not going to Canossa, either bodily or spiritually." For he knew that when the Emperor Henry knelt to Gregory he acknowledged that the Pope could discrown political rulers and control the allegiance of subjects and citizens.

The contest now proceeding in Germany between the political power of the state over itself, or of national self-government, and the authority of a foreigner, is waged for every country in the world. Victorious in Germany, the assault of Rome upon every government would be enormously strengthened. It should be well understood, therefore, and especially in this country, where we so justly prize religious liberty and the total and absolute separation of church and state as one of the chief bulwarks of American institutions, that Bismarck has no conflict whatever with the Roman religion. In Prussia the Roman Church is endowed by the state like the Lutheran and the Reformed—and if, like the Lutheran and Reformed, it kept its hands off the state, and managed its religious concerns alone, there would be no trouble and no contest. But it is not content with religion. It is not satisfied to be equal with other Churches. It claims to be the sole depository of religious truth, which, as a claim, is of no importance. But when, because of that claim, the head of the Roman Church not only arrogates to himself, but attempts to exercise, the power of releasing the members of foreign states from their political obedience, those states most justly and peremptorily remand him to his place and compel him to respect their authority by every proper means at command. When any Church teaches that it is the only Church, and that its head, to whom absolute obedience is due, is, as Cardinal Manning says of the Pope, "the sole, last, supreme judge of what is right and wrong;" and when the experience of centuries shows that Church to have been the most politically ambitious, unscrupulous, and persistent despot and mischief-maker, every state properly puts itself upon guard, and watches that Church with a suspicion with which it regards, and has reason to regard, no other.

In a paper read by Mr. D. A. Wasson before the late Social Science Congress, the four Falk laws, which are called the laws that persecute the Roman Church, are described, and their denunciation is seen to be only a part of the craft of political Rome. The Roman Church, as we said, like the Lutheran and Reformed, is endowed and partly supported by Prussia. The state has, therefore, certain rights in the church system. The laws apply to all the established Churches, and require the academical education of the clergy without interference with theology. They allow the Government to object to the settlement of any clergyman in the established Churches if he is criminally indicted or has been criminally convicted, or if the Government thinks that he will incite resistance to the laws of the country; but each suspected person has thirty days to disprove any such charge. They provide defenses for the clergy and laity against abuses of ecclesiastical power, and secure the right of peaceable withdrawal from either of the Churches. The case of the Archbishop of Posen has attracted attention. He had deliberately violated the laws in important acts forty-three times in six months. He was fined, and is now imprisoned. In a country where church and state are united, such laws, which do not affect worship or internal economy, but only the external relations of the state to the church, can not be called persecuting by those who, like the Roman authorities, insist upon the union of church and state. In this country, where that union is happily forbidden, we have only to insist upon absolute separation, and to repel all political attempts of the Roman Church, leaving it to hold what doctrines it pleases, and not questioning its right to say, if it chooses, that no law of Congress is valid without the Pope's approval. Equal freedom is all that we can ask. But if any body doubts the practical and the intentional operation of the Vatican decrees, he has but to look at Switzerland, where the Pope by an encyclical letter has condemned the new laws of marriage and of settlement as hopelessly "irreligious," and it is understood that the whole ultramontane party will vote as one man against them.

A JUST JUDGMENT.

The Postmaster-General has just made a very important decision, which admirably illustrates the intelligence and sagacity with which the department is now managed, and which will be peculiarly welcome to the literary fraternity. Some postmasters have held that the law in regard to postage upon proof-sheets required that letter postage must be paid upon them when they contained any thing more than mere typographical or verbal corrections. But what is a proof-sheet? It is a printed copy of manuscript, made for the very purpose of being proved, that is, corrected; and the corrections are, therefore, the completion of the proof, without which it would be valueless. The law can not be supposed to mean that a completed proof ceases to be a proof. Its object is certainly not to obstruct or prevent the diffusion of knowledge, but on the contrary to facilitate that end in every reasonable way. But if the correction of errors, and the necessary additions of matter, and changes to avoid misunderstanding are to condemn the proof-sheet to letter postage, the errors will be allowed to remain, the law will operate to foster inaccuracy and confusion, and authors and publishers will be subjected to the most serious inconvenience and loss.

The subject having been brought to the attention of the Postmaster-General, he has made a most reasonable decision, which will be universally approved. His ruling is as follows: "I am of opinion that the law should not be construed so as to limit the corrections to be made to those of a typographical or merely verbal nature, such as the use of wrong letters, nor to the exclusion of any new matter which the author may desire to insert in order to put the intended publication in the form in which he desires it to be published. Any correction or change of words or sentences, or the insertion of entirely new sentences, if made for that purpose, does not affect its character as 'a corrected proof-sheet,' nor subject it to a higher rate of postage. All marginal notes necessary to the perfection of the 'form' are allowable, but they should not extend beyond it, and embrace matters such as the quality of the paper on which the publication is to be printed, or the binding in which it is to be bound, or other matters of like character."

THE NEW YORK FLOWER CHARITY.

This most admirable and thoughtful charity opened its doors again on Monday, May 17, for another season of blessing and refreshing. It is now so well known to all humane and generous persons for its efforts to cheer the suffering and destitute and dying that no words are needed to commend it to universal sympathy and support. This is its sixth season, and every Monday and Thursday until further notice its rooms at No. 239 Fourth Avenue will be opened from ten until twelve o'clock A.M. for the reception of flowers.

One of the ladies who undertake this good work writes that "last year twenty-five thousand two hundred and seventy-seven bouquets were distributed in fifty-one hospitals, homes, and missions, fourteen industrial schools, and seven hundred and twenty-five individual cases in tenement-houses, reaching in this way all the most miserable people in the city. We hope, with the generous aid of our friends in country and city, to do more than ever." The express sends all boxes or baskets free of charge, and baskets will be returned.

PERSONAL.

In the latest issue of the *Methodist* Dr. George R. Crooks addresses a graceful and feeling "parting word" to the readers of that paper on the occasion of his retiring from its editorial management. Dr. Crooks has occupied this position with signal ability and acceptance ever since the paper was established, fifteen years ago, as an independent journal, devoted to the interests of the large denomination of Christians whose name it bears. During this period, and chiefly through the influence of the *Methodist*, the important measure of lay delegation has been successfully carried, and the celebrated Book Concern controversy brought to a satisfactory solution. The discussion of these issues profoundly agitated the Methodist Church and aroused great excitement, and no small part of the credit for their harmonious settlement is due to the wisdom and tact displayed by Dr. Crooks in the conduct of the paper under his charge. A wise conservatism has led him to defend the Church against rash innovations of time-honored policy, and the weight of his influence has always been thrown on the side of harmony and fraternal unity. A gentleman of rare classical scholarship and culture, a writer of exceptional force, of excellent judgment as an editor, Dr. Crooks leaves the position he has filled so long, followed by the grateful remembrance and affectionate regret of all his readers. He is succeeded in the editorial direction of the *Methodist* by Professor D. H. Wheeler, a gentleman of ability and culture.

—Admiral Foote, though dead, yet speaks to the young men of this generation through the record of a noble and patriotic career, and incites them to follow his example. The Seaman's Friend Society is about to present to each member of the graduating class of the Naval Academy at Annapolis a copy of Professor Hoppin's excellent life of the sturdy old sailor. No better or more appropriate gift could have been selected.

—The late Mr. John C. Green gave during his lifetime to Princeton College about $650,000. With this amount, recitation-rooms, a library building, a scientific hall, have been reared and professorships endowed. Besides this he has given from time to time some $60,000 to the Theological Seminary. The Helena Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, called after his daughter Helen, who died in Rome some twelve years ago, was founded as a memorial of her.

—They do things for their relatives even in England, and Mr. Disraeli has been placing his nephew in the very snug position of second clerk in the House of Lords, with the understanding that he is soon to succeed to the principal clerkship—an office of honor and emolument, and permanent. The young gentleman is the oldest son of Mr. Ralph Disraeli, the brother of the Prime Minister, and is named Coningsby, after the hero of the cleverest of Mr. Disraeli's novels. Mr. Coningsby Disraeli will be the heir of his uncle's property, and is said to possess a good share of the intellectual gifts of the family.

—The New York correspondent of the Boston *Evening Gazette* says: "It is rumored that Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are looking at the old Astor homestead, on the corner of Astor and Lafayette places, with an eye to erecting a publishing house that shall eclipse any other in the city. It is a splendid site, and with their store they would make that neighborhood one of the greatest literary centres in the world. Their present place, although a handsome building, is too far down town, and then it is out of the sacred circle, and their lease runs for two years longer." Astor Place and that part of Broadway in its immediate neighborhood is becoming quite a home for the book-men. The new establishment of Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., facing Astor Place, is perhaps the most spacious, as it is the most tastefully finished and admirably arranged, bookstore in this country or in Europe, and has become a habitual resort of men of letters, as well as for those who would keep themselves *au courant* with foreign literature.

—Charles H. Holmes is said to be the tallest man in New England, his height being six feet eight inches. He lives in Topsfield, Massachusetts, and is the last surviving son of the late John Holmes, of Maine, for many years a distinguished Representative and Senator in Congress from that State, during the administrations of Madison, Monroe, Adams, and Jackson, and also as being of the well-known political firm in those days of "John Holmes, James Madison, Felix Grundy, and the devil."

—Recurring to the Ticonderoga Centennial: On the Sunday after the capture Ethan Allen attended church in the little meeting-house at Bennington. The minister, devout and loyal, took occasion in his prayer to give all the glory of the exploit to the God of battles. Allen didn't exactly see any acknowledgment of his share in the affair. For some time he held his peace, but finally, overcome by his feelings, arose in his seat and called out, "Parson Dewey, please mention the fact that Ethan Allen was there!"

—Dr. Kenealy is said to be in receipt of $60,000 a year, $15,000 of which arise from the profits of *The Englishman*, while the remainder represents the proceeds of the meetings he holds about the country.

—A month or so ago, in the House of Commons, a debate on British horse-breeding took place which was quite interesting, and absorbed the attention of a full house. Mr. Chaplin, a good speaker as well as noted turf-man, stated that so anxious was the Prussian government to improve the breed of their horses that the government agent had offered for the celebrated horse Blair Athol $57,500, which was refused, and a club of private gentlemen gave for him $60,000. Breadalbane, another fine animal, was sold to the Prussian agent for $30,000. Mr. Chaplin gave some account of the measures by which the German, Austrian, and French governments help and stimulate the horse-breeders in those countries by distributing to given local centres animals devoted to the purposes of the breeders, and he declared that 1700 of the German horses were of English extraction. Mr. Gerard Sturt's reply showed, however, that private enterprise in that country is much more stimulated by the competition of these foreign customers than the market is drained by it, the average height of thorough-bred stock having been in 1700 fourteen hands, and in 1875 fifteen hands two inches and a half; and Mr. Sturt asserted that the poorest weed is capable, "if pluckily mated," of producing a horse of great stature and incalculable value.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The town of Osceola, Pennsylvania, was almost totally destroyed by fire, which originated in the Moshannan Lumber Mills, May 20, and raged incessantly, spreading for miles around. Two hundred and fifty houses were burned, and four hundred families rendered homeless. The towns of Hantzdale and Parsonsville are reported also to have been destroyed by the flames.

The Husted Rapid Transit Bill passed the New York State Assembly May 18, and was amended by the Senate two days afterward. It was then returned to the Assembly in its new form, and a committee of conference was appointed to reconcile differences.

A party of 170 well-armed miners, with forty-seven four-mule teams, were recently captured in the Black Hills country by United States soldiers, and taken to Fort Randall.

Mrs. Mary Lincoln, the widow of the late President, has been declared to be insane by a competent jury, and sent to a private asylum at Batavia, Illinois.

Ex-United States Senator Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, died May 20, in his sixty-third year.

General John C. Breckinridge, once Vice-President of the United States, afterward an officer in the rebel army, and subsequently Secretary of War for the Southern Confederacy, died at Lexington, Kentucky, May 17, aged fifty-four years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Roman Catholic bishops of Prussia, who addressed a petition to the Emperor and received a reply last month from the Ministers of State, have made rejoinder that to reject the decision of the Vatican Council would be equivalent to an abandonment of Catholicism, and that they are convinced the Holy See would never be unwilling to act in conformity with all proper decisions of the state government.

The *Fanfulla*, a ministerial organ published at Rome, authoritatively states that the Pope has resolved to convoke the Vatican Council again at an early date to discuss ecclesiastical reforms.

A special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* reports that the German embassador at Brussels has been instructed to request the Belgian government to prohibit religious processions, and that the object of this manœuvre is the overthrow of the Belgian cabinet.

The tribunal at Liege which has had the alleged plot to assassinate Prince Bismarck under investigation has dismissed the charges against Duchesne.

A semi-official denial is given to the statement in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Prince Bismarck had sent out a circular dispatch complaining of the adoption of the French Army Cadres Bill as dangerous to the peace of Europe.

The London *Times*, May 20, editorially marks the contrast between English and American efforts to reduce national debt. "We can not but feel with regret," says the *Times*, "that the United States in this respect shows more the high spirit of a nation conscious of a great destiny, and anxious above all things that no short-comings of the present generation shall interfere with the teachings their children have received."

It is said that the Italian government has ordered the removal of all bishops who have not received the royal *exequatur* indorsing their appointments. The Archbishop of Palermo has already been notified to leave his see.

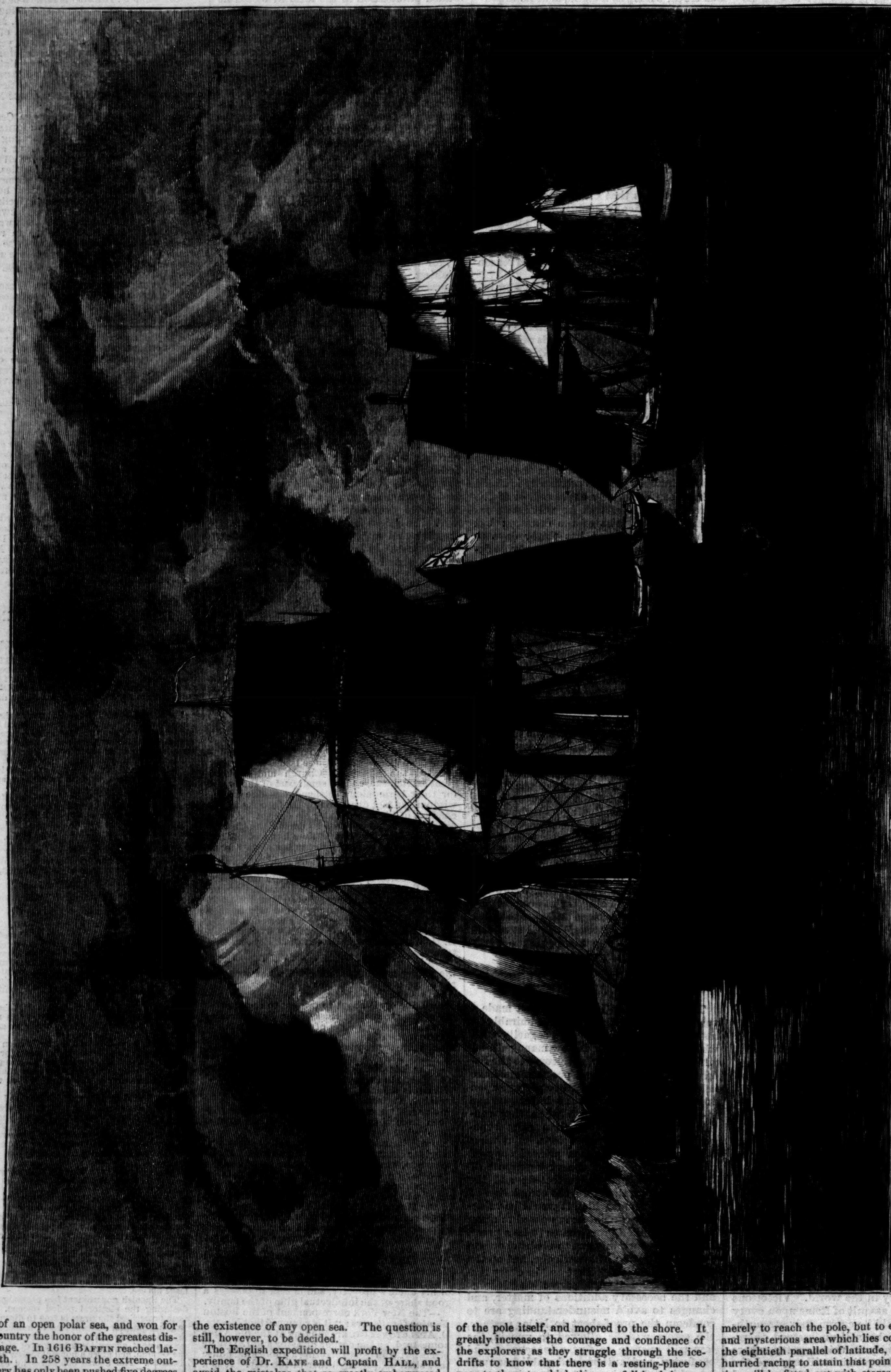
The Spanish government has promulgated a decree declaring the electoral period opened. During the time prescribed the press is free to discuss all constitutional questions except that of monarchy, and public meetings of a political character may be held. The government avows its intention of doing justice to the Church, and gives a hopeful review of the military situation. The decree concludes by expressing the hopes of the government for the re-establishment of a representative régime, without which there can be nothing but anarchy.

Marie Frederica Amelia, ex-Queen of Greece, died at Munich May 20. She married King Otho I. in 1836, and just before his dethronement in 1862 she quitted Athens and went to Germany.

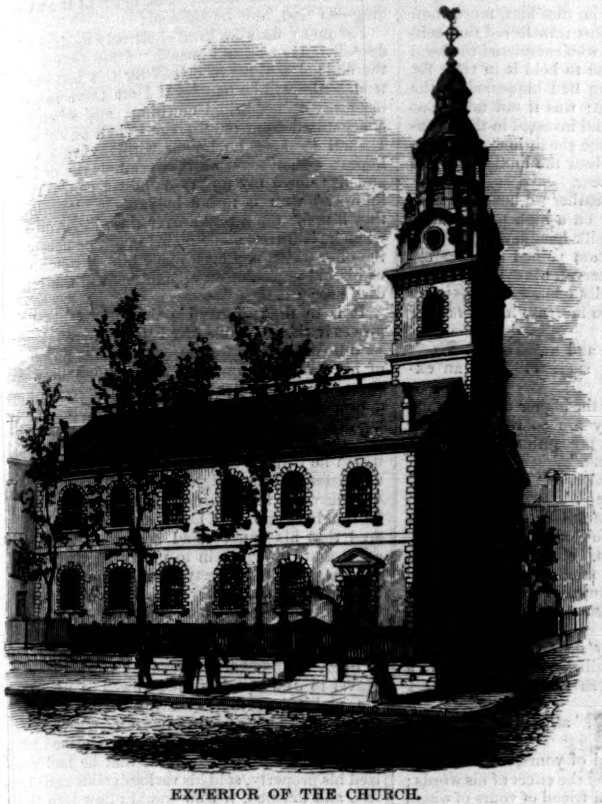
THE NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The arctic expedition which is now fitting out in England will take substantially the same course as was followed by the ill-fated *Polaris*. This vessel reached latitude 82° 16′ north. No other vessel ever sailed so near to the pole. If Captain Hall had lived, he might have solved the problem of an open polar sea, and won for himself and country the honor of the greatest discovery of the age. In 1616 Baffin reached latitude 79° north. In 258 years the extreme outpost of discovery has only been pushed five degrees nearer the pole; and at what a mighty cost of life and treasure this advance of 300 miles through the ice-drifts has been made! Dr. Kane, relying on the eyes of his attendant, Morton, thought he saw the horizon touch the open sea, but he had not the strength to journey another day to verify the fact or dispel the illusion. Captain Hall succeeded in making his way 100 miles further north, but there was nothing in his discoveries to verify Dr. Kane's predictions. In fact, in a negative way, they seemed to discredit the existence of any open sea. The question is still, however, to be decided.

The English expedition will profit by the experience of Dr. Kane and Captain Hall, and avoid the mistakes that so greatly embarrassed the two American explorers. As far as human foresight can provide against contingencies, every thing will be done to make success possible. Two ships, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, will be sent out instead of one, and it is singular that this was not thought of when the last American expedition was being fitted out. One of these vessels will lead the advance into the realms of the ice-king, the other will act as a tender, anchor in safe places, and keep a reserve of stores. This supply ship can be taken within 540 miles of the pole itself, and moored to the shore. It greatly increases the courage and confidence of the explorers as they struggle through the ice-drifts to know that there is a resting-place so near to them to which they can fall back in case the advance becomes impossible. The expedition has been planned on strategic principles, so to speak, the object being to reduce the risk to a minimum at every point. Experience has demonstrated that the ordinary steam whaling vessels are the best for the arctic seas, and two of these have been purchased and fitted out for the expedition. The officers and crew will consist of about one hundred and twenty picked men, all of whom have seen service in the arctic waters. As the object of the expedition is not merely to reach the pole, but to explore the vast and mysterious area which lies concealed behind the eightieth parallel of latitude, there will be no hurried racing to attain that point. The expedition will be fitted out with stores sufficient for a two years' cruise, and the commander will be instructed to return in the autumn of 1877, whether his voyage has been successful or not.



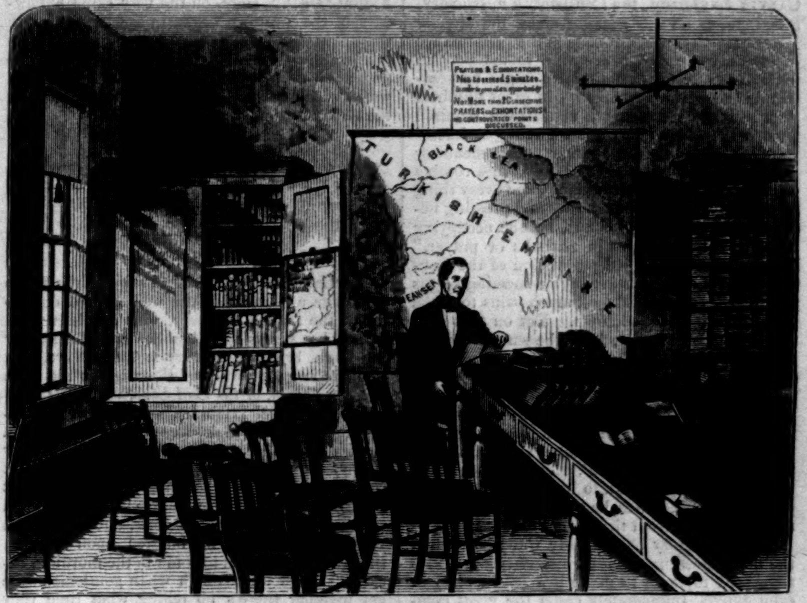
THE NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION—THE "ALERT" AND THE "DISCOVERY."



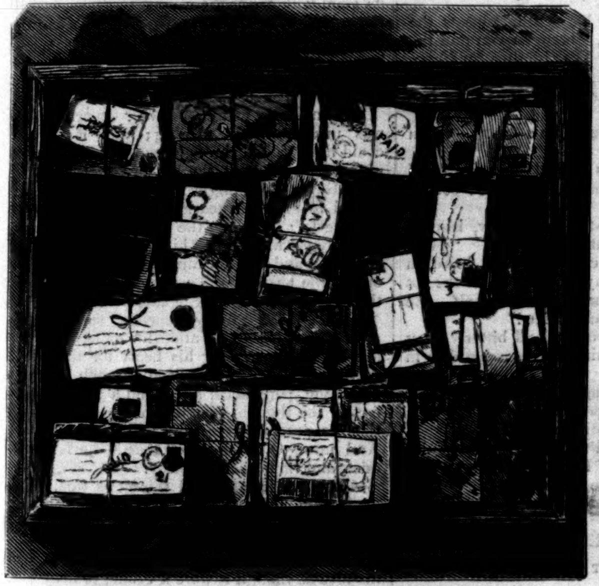
EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

THE NORTH DUTCH CHURCH.

The old church at the corner of Fulton and William streets, New York city, known all over the world for its daily noon prayer-meeting, is in the hands of the demolisher, the vigorous and iconoclastic man of business. He has thirty-four men tearing things to pieces, and daily mundane toil and transactions will soon be flourishing on the spot where prayers have been daily breathed and religious songs been daily sung for the last nearly twenty years, and where the Gospel was preached a hundred years ago to the parents of our very oldest men and women.



FIRST HALF HOUR ALONE.

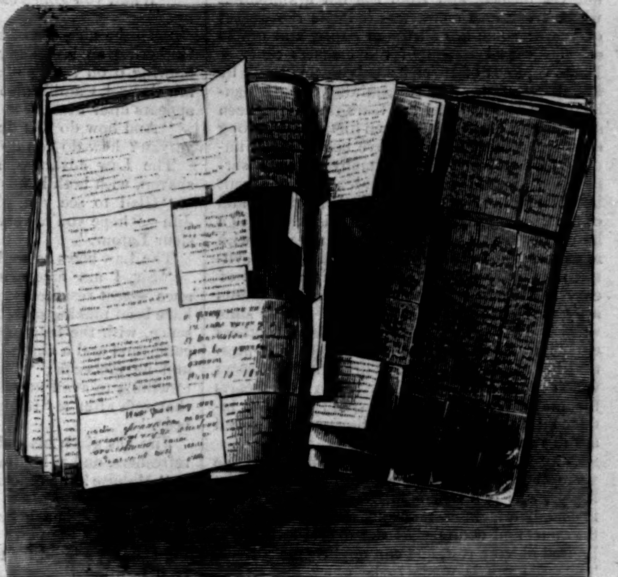


ENVELOPES.

The Dutch Reformed is the oldest denomination in New York city, and its Consistory, like Trinity parish, is one church organization in several edifices. This one was built by the Consistory with special reference to holding services in the English language; for it was found that the young people would attach themselves to other congregations where that language was used, and the Dutch churches would dwindle away unless they adapted themselves to the new conditions imposed by English immigration into the young and very Dutch town. But before the changing of the Sunday services from Dutch into English, long discussions were held on the subject, and no little excitement was produced when the Consistory finally decided to call a clergyman who should officiate for a part of every Sunday in the English language; and it was by his conciliatory spirit as well as his powerful preaching that the Rev. **Archibald Laidlie** succeeded in pacifying and persuading the conservatives, and at his first meeting the singing was in Dutch, as the congregation were unacquainted with English psalmody. Five years after this the North Church was built.

In William Street there was a tavern having the sign of a horse and cart, and William Street was called "Horse-and-Cart Lane." At the intersection of Fulton Street with Horse-and-Cart Lane, **John Harbendinck**, a wealthy tanner, gave land to the Consistory, and on a part of it the new edifice was erected. It was the Consistory's third church, and the farthest north. Their earliest built meeting-house, in Garden Street, was the "South Church," our Post-office was the "Middle Church," and this was the "North Church." It was 100 feet by 70, with a lofty steeple, surmounted by a weathercock. Its cost was eleven thousand nine hundred and forty-eight pounds nine shillings and sixpence, nearly $60,000, an amazing sum at that period, and showed the thrift, liberality, and devotion of the Reformed Dutch. About the same time St. Paul's was built on Broadway, and the two churches vied in size and beauty. Over thirty years ago the North Dutch was repaired and somewhat modernized, although its stiff high-backed seats now seem antiquated, and sixteen years ago it lost its tall belfry at the time of a conflagration. Otherwise the exterior has preserved its primitive beauty and venerable simplicity. Each great pillar within the church was paid for by one or another gentleman, whose initials have to this day commemoratively adorned each pillar, near the top carvings. Back of the pulpit, high and conspicuous, has hung for a hundred years a large and handsomely painted armorial, with the motto *Dando Conservat*, and the tanner's tools, the slicker-knife and the beam, commemorating **John Harbendinck**. Lately, and before the dust of demolition began, it was carefully taken down, and is in Mr. **Lanphier**'s study, to be preserved for another hundred years, not by the **Harbendincks**—**John** left no children—but by the church of which he was a parent.

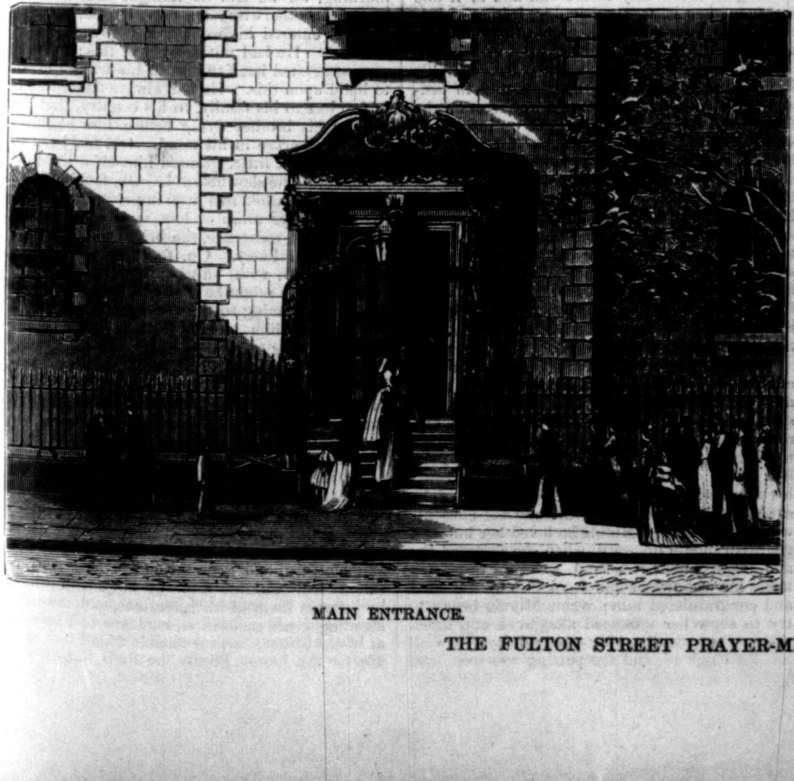
Another relic is the much weather-worn wooden shield, with a partly decayed moulding around the edge, and which until this week was in its old place over the front entrance on Horse-and-Cart Lane. Occasionally a passer in what we call William Street has stopped to read its partially obliterated gilt inscription, in which are the dates, "July 2, 1767," when **Isaac Roosevelt** laid the corner-stone, and "May 25, 1769," when the Rev. Dr. **Laidlie** officiated at the dedication. New York city had little household literature at that time except Bibles, Testaments, and psalm-books, and the church books of the wealthier matrons were generally elegantly bound, had silver clasps and edgings, and sometimes gold. These volumes, suspended to the girdle by silver or gold chains, distinguished the style of the families using them on Sundays.



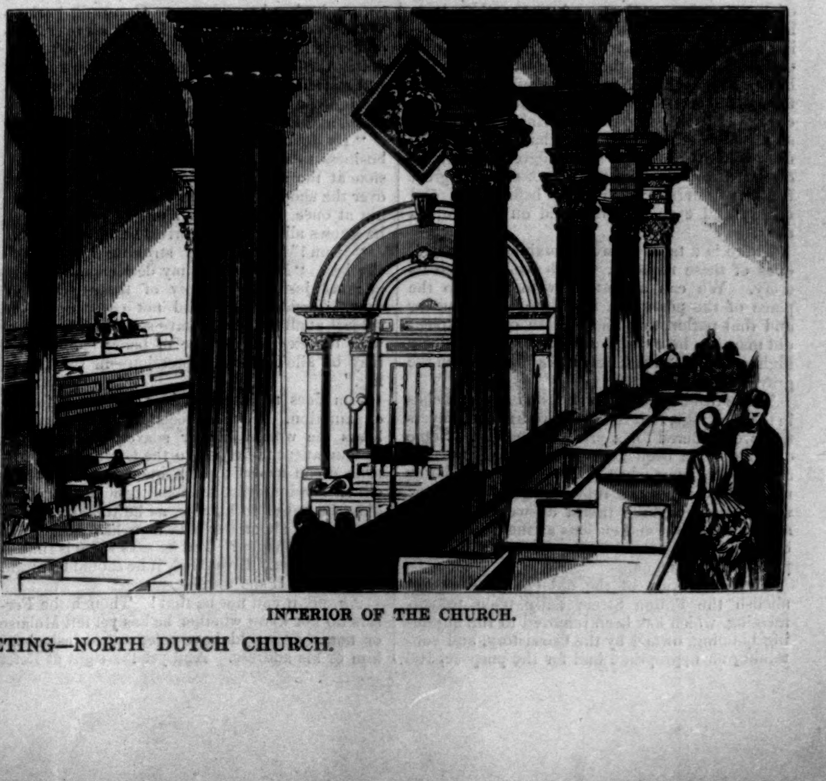
REQUESTS.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, when the Episcopal churches favored the power of England, the Dutch churches were zealous rebels, and their houses of worship were correspondingly desecrated by the British army. The outside of the North Dutch passed through the war unharmed, but the seats were taken for fuel, the walls were soiled and scratched. It was used as a place of storage, as a hospital, and at one time held 800 prisoners. The beautiful and peculiar pulpit which had recently been placed in the church was removed, but not used for firewood, and it was unknown what was done with it until soon after the close of the war, when it was discovered by an American in a country church in England.

The noon prayer-meeting, intended for business men, and limited to one hour, originated about eighteen years ago in the thought of **Jeremiah**



MAIN ENTRANCE.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

THE FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING—NORTH DUTCH CHURCH.

Calvin Lanphier, the Consistory's missionary, a layman, as he was walking along the streets. He says: "Going my rounds in the performance of my duty one day, it occurred to me that an hour of prayer for business men might be practicable at that time when they in great numbers seek rest and refreshment, none being required to stay the whole hour, and all being at liberty to come in and go out as their engagements or inclination dictated, the old long formal routine of devotional meeting broken up, and every thing arranged to meet the short stay and pressing necessity of men's engagements, no one occupying more than five minutes in remarks or prayer." Mr. Lanphier obtained permission of the Consistory for a room to start such a meeting on his own responsibility, and took much pains to make its inauguration well known. Yet on that day, the 17th of September, 1857, he sat solitary for the first half hour. Then a man's step was heard on the stairs, and at the close of the hour six men prayed together. It was held on successive Wednesdays. At the second meeting there were twenty persons, and at the third forty. The devotional flame was both kindled and aglow, and the impetuous George P. Edgar moved, and the meeting itself voted, to become a daily noon prayer-meeting, which has never been intermitted a week-day from that time to this.

The Consistory had already voted to sustain the noon meeting, and Mr. Lanphier had also suggested to them to make it a semi-weekly or even daily. Immediately came the great commercial disasters of 1857 and the contemporaneous revival of religion. Noon meetings sprang up every where. The Fulton Street meetings received requests from far and near for the help of their daily prayers. Religious minds all over Christendom have from that time to the present seemed to have a special faith that the Fulton Street prayer-meeting prayers would be heard. The written requests come in the mails every day from the small villages of New England and from the Western Territories, from the British Provinces and from Texas, from the torrid coast of Africa and from towns in England, Germany, and Switzerland. They have been addressed to the care of the Dutch Reformed pastors, to the editors of various religious newspapers, and sometimes to the Mayor of the city, who promptly sent them to the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. They come from the child whose handwriting is not yet formed, and from the old grandparent whose tremulous characters indicate the weight of years; some are on tinted paper, and others on sheets and scraps of the coarsest texture. Folio volumes of them have been preserved by Mr. Lanphier, and in examining these irregular pages one can feel the tears that have been shed, for all of them have been dictated by strong desire, and most of them have been penned under great emotion. Occasionally they are surrounded by the black edge which tells of recent bereavement. Here is one in the bold, rapid hand of a business man, and close by it is another in a lady's neat characters. On the same page with a manuscript full of errors in spelling and syntax may be found another which is a model of easy and correct composition. Their contents are as various as their appearance. Many state what is wanted in the fewest words, and others enter into detail and unfold sad pages of domestic history. The curtain is lifted from sorrows which the sufferers have carried in their hearts for many years, but now expose to view, induced by the hope of Christian sympathy and aid in reaching the Mercy-seat.

A peculiarity of the meeting is its invariable promptness. Precisely at twelve o'clock the leader, who is a new man from day to day, and is usually a layman, takes his seat before the little table, and commences the exercises. He is limited like the rest, and can not become tedious. Thus the fire is made to be quick and living. Clergymen are often in these assemblies, but they have no control; they take their seats with the audience, and are not distinguishable from the others unless by their apparel or manners. They often sit silent through the meeting. Mr. Lanphier sits near the desk, and starts every hymn without an instant of waiting after it is announced. He is never absent. Several requests are presented by the leader at the opening of the meeting, and several more when it is half through. There is never time for the reading of them all, nor hardly for the presenting of them abridged; but they are not forgotten, but brought in again. Not more than two prayers follow in succession; every thing moves with the energy of business, and the devotion of real desire. Slips of paper are often handed up to the desk while the meeting is in progress; other requests are made by speakers, often with great feeling; others are brought beforehand, and quietly and even stealthily laid on the leader's desk.

There is a table drawer containing the envelopes of these requests. Each seems to tell its story. We can almost fly with them to the place of the postmark, look into this chamber and that parlor, this rough cabin or that splendid mansion, here and there penciled on the dusty highways and in the lonely lanes, and often in the grave-yards.

There are happy letters too, and also speeches in the meetings, that tell of answers to the prayers that were offered for a previous request. Some of these have been very remarkable, occurring at the same hour when the petitions were borne up to God, and the fulfillment thousands of miles away! These literal answers to prayer are as wonderful and curious as the unaccountable anecdotes given in books on mental philosophy and phenomena.

The demolition of the old church does not abolish the Fulton Street daily noon prayer-meeting, which has been removed to the adjoining building, owned by the Consistory, and containing an appropriate hall for the purpose, 103 Fulton Street. Here, on the very same hallowed spot the meetings began in the lecture-room, the institution of prayer—daily united prayer in the interstice of earthly care—is intended to be perpetual, even as long as there are woes and wants which can be alleviated or granted only by the Great Power.

WARD OR WIFE?

A Romance.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

As they enter the hotel Jim stops at the bar to exchange a word with the well-favored daughter of the fat old landlady, who has been half asleep, but jumps up, all smiles and blushes, for the stern, bronzed, military-looking figure, that reminds her so vividly of Roderigo in the *Grin and the Groan, or the Sad Senora's Secret.*

"Oh, Colonel Trefalden"—she is not very accurate in her nomenclature—"there has been a gentleman (Thank you, quite well. Rather sleepy, I'm afraid. Go along with you! What rubbish! as if it *could* suit me!) Dear me, what was I saying? Oh, of course! A gentleman called for you about ten o'clock, and I told him you were out; but he insisted upon waiting, though I begged him to come in the morning, because I know well enough when gentlemen once get together there's no telling what time they will be in, is there, oh, you shameless creatures? But there he is, in the smoking-room, if you wish to see him; asleep, no doubt; though when he came in he looked wide awake enough, I'm sure, and only had a cup of coffee and some dry toast."

"Didn't he leave a card for me?" inquires Jim, rather bewildered.

"Oh yes, to be sure, Major Trelarman," producing the pasteboard. "It's a Mr. Peter De Murrer, though you'll think me dreadfully rude for reading the name. Such a nice old thing! I'm sure you'll like him if you don't know him already. But I see you do by the expression of your face; so no doubt you'll be only too glad to get rid of me and go to him. Good-night. Don't mention it."

Jim has disappeared down the passage with a hurried excuse, and is heard at the door of the smoking-room.

"What, you going too, Mr. L'Amour? By-by!"

"To the pleasure of seeing you again, mees." Gathering an imaginary kiss from his lips, and blowing it off the tips of his fingers toward the fair damsel, Camille also beats a retreat, and disappears after Jim.

"And how do you do, my dear Captain Tregarvan? how do you do?"

The Law advances, slow, stout, and clean-shaven, with both hands extended in welcome.

"Glad to see you, Mr. De Murrer," returns Jim; "hope you're very well. My friend, Monsieur Latour."

The Law bows as well as its waist will permit.

"Sir, I am happy to make your acquaintance"—seat resumed. "You see, gentlemen, I have been making myself comfortable in your absence, with the help of this extremely palatable compound and a cigar." A sip of whisky-toddy, and he proceeds: "Nor was I by any means unwilling to avail myself of the soft cushions of that sofa after my tossing to-day in the Malaise boat."

Jim has given his orders for another relay of refreshers, and is kindling his final pipe.

"Malaise!" he echoes. "Have you been over to Malaise?"

It evidently is a great surprise to him, for he is affected by the news to the extent of mistaking Camille's hand for the ash-dish, and carefully depositing thereupon the burning match; a proceeding which elicits a volley of remonstrance and many strange oaths.

"Blue death! my friend; have you by chance the desire of incendiating me?"

When Camille has satisfied himself that he is in no danger of conflagration, and the "night-caps" have made their appearance, Mr. Peter De Murrer proceeds to explain that having business to transact with Jim of a sufficiently important nature, he has been down to Cornwall, back to Warwickshire and Holyoak Lodge, all over London, and finally across to Malaise, to find him; that at the latter place he ascertained the address, and started back immediately, to find himself at the present moment in the Blue Boar smoking-room, and talking to the very man he wants.

"By Jove!" says Jim, "it must be important business to send *you*," with a glance of compassion at the solicitor's portly frame, "flying all over the shop like this. Perhaps we'd better begin at once. You needn't mind Camille, here; he knows all my affairs, private and otherwise."

"Hum!" meditatively stroking his smooth cheeks. "Not just yet, my dear captain, I fancy; *not* just yet. Plenty of time—*plenty* of time. Besides, if we did not enter upon the subject at all to-night, I have secured a bed here, with the express purpose of being handy—if I may be allowed the expression—in the morning."

Jim does not answer, does not press for an explanation. Nay, he feels relieved when he hears the worthy lawyer suavely drawing out Latour anent their visit to the Carlton. A horrible dread has just come upon him; his teeth clinch involuntarily, his hand trembles with the glass he raises to his lips, as he thinks of Minnie. Is it about her this man has come? Is she ill—in danger? But he says there is time—plenty of time. Great God, if he should be afraid to speak! If she were—

Ah, no, it can not be that! Though the Ferrers do not know whether he has yet left Malaise or not, they would have telegraphed, asked for him or his address. And yet the sight of Peter De Murrer makes him think, do what he will, of Minnie. The last time he met him, more than three years ago, he had just transferred that coin to her. This is the man who completed the legal process by which he came to hold it in trust for her. What if something had happened to the money! That might be; was it not taken out of the Three Per Cents and invested in the Mesopotamian Sixes, to increase the little woman's income? He can hardly bear the anxiety, yet he fears the news he may hear.

"What changeable weather we have had lately!" says Peter, putting on a high polish to his bald crown with a red silk handkerchief. "It is generally attended, I am pained to observe," he continues, after an interval, his eyes now upon Jim, now upon his carefully trimmed nails, "with an alarmingly perceptible increase in the rate of mortality."

Jim looks up quickly, and away again.

"That is, alas, true; sapristi!" with an expressive shrug.

"Particularly among the higher classes," pursues the lawyer; "they are so rash, so sadly rash, and despise proper precautions to-day, if so be that yesterday was fine."

Jim turns a shade paler. "Higher classes! What does the man mean?"

"Ah, well, well," resumes Peter; "how true it is, 'in the midst of life'—ah, well!"

"Good gracious, man," breaks in the captain, "in Heaven's name let us change the subject!" nervously; "I don't suppose you—you know any body who has—fallen a victim to the uncertainty of the weather?"

"I grieve to say, my dear Sir, that I do"—very serious. "I was alluding to the death of a client of mine. He was taken from us very suddenly."

"Thank God it's a *he!*" aside, fervently, from Jim.

"I fear it is a friend of yours," the solicitor goes on, quietly, watching the effect of his words; "in fact, I am sure it is a friend of yours of whom I speak. I should say, a relation. Now, my dear Captain Tregarvan, you really must compose yourself; allow me a moment to tell you all. This relation of yours leaves nothing by his death—"

"It wouldn't make me one whit better off if he did," interrupts Jim, in an under-tone of intense melancholy. He is thinking of Minnie, not of his dead kinsman.

"Leaves nothing, by his death," repeats the old man, with emphasis, "between you and the vast Tregarvan estates! Your brother, Sir Hugo, is no more."

The ex-fencing-master jumps up as if he was shot.

"My God!" he stammers, in a dream; "then I'm—I'm—"

"You are Sir James Tregarvan; and, as I said, now the largest land-owner in the county of Cornwall."

Camille has been listening eagerly, leaning over the table with breathless interest. "Holy Virgin!" he exclaims, clasping Jim's hand in his; "calm yourself, my friend. It is the lot of each of us. That can not avoid itself. Be firm, my friend. Ah, mon Dieu!"

Jim has hated his brother, and bitterly; but now he sinks into a chair, and hides his face in his hands.

"Poor lonely old Hugh!" in a rough murmur. "Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

Then, after a pause, still to himself:

"And I, Hugh, I am as lonely; your wealth comes too late! Ah, if I had the choice, I had rather be you. Too late!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST STRAW.

Man is seldom so miserable but that he may be more so. The cup of sorrow so many of us have to drain is mercifully but rarely filled to the brim. Not to many of us is added the last drop of gall, the supreme bitterness of the bitter draught; or how could we bear our lives?

Yet to some it happens that, writhing still under the agony of their grief, and confident that nothing in the dreary future can add to it one pang, another hour, another day, brings with it that which intensifies their pain a thousandfold, and of their woe makes torture most exquisite.

Sir James Tregarvan has suffered much. To love his country and his profession, and, in penalty of his training, to become a wanderer on the face of the earth; to be brought up in luxury, and to depend on the day's labor for the day's bread; to cherish a pretty, helpless orphan till she becomes part of his life, and to be compelled by the strong voice of duty to deny himself his heritage that he may separate her from him, and send her to find her happiness among strangers; to meet her again, to have her to himself a few short weeks, to love her with all the passion of a heart that has never loved before, and then, when first he understands of what price is the pearl he is losing, to give her in marriage to another. Is not this suffering?

When he confessed to himself his love for her, and resolved she should never know of such madness, he suffered; when, because his love was stronger than he, he left her on her sick-bed, and remained away to conquer himself, and perhaps to efface his words from her memory if so be she had heard them, he suffered; when he came back and seemed cold to deceive his darling, he suffered; and when he gave Dane his consent, when he persuaded Minnie he loved her but as a guardian should his ward, when she accepted the man he gave her to husband, when the thing was made known, and people shook him by the hand and congratulated him; when Minnie began to try to show her affianced allegiance and affection; when, finally, after many delays, they all left for England, and the parting was over, and he alone till he should see them again at the wedding—O God, how he suffered!

For many days he battled fiercely against his despair. He said to himself, "I will bear up to the end; I will nerve myself for this last sharp trial. She will be happier if I am there to give her away on her bridal morning: and when she is separated from me forever I shall be calmer, I shall struggle no longer with my vain mad hopes; I shall leave all that reminds me of her, and live down my misery as best I can. Who knows?" with a melancholy smile, "perhaps they'll make me a pasha over there!" And so, when he had thus made up his mind, he accepted the offer which had been made him, through one of his old pupils, of an appointment in the Khedive's service.

It is in time of trouble that friendship best proves itself. Camille loved "ce pauvre Djems" with no ordinary affection. There was no phase of his friend's nature which the bond between them did not render him keen to perceive and appreciate. It was not long, therefore, before he first suspected, and then understood to the full, the depth of his passion for the beautiful girl whom he had betrothed to Reginald Dane; and, understanding the might of that passion, he did not marvel at the greatness of the sacrifice. For he too, long ago, had loved, and, having discovered that his fiancée had accepted him under constraint, though fain to marry another whose only fault was his poverty, he had given her, with her freedom, the dowry which has reduced his income to its present modest limits. So, with a heart full of sympathy and compassion, he did what he could to comfort poor Jim in his hour of need. Moreover, he gave his unqualified approval to Jim's project, and vowed it would be the making of him, cheering him not a little thereby. Then, one fine morning, he came up to his friend's lonely chamber, and informed him, with a broad grin of delight, that he had realized his property, sold his various goods and chattels, and decided, if Jim would allow him to be of the party, to make a little voyage of pleasure up the Nile.

No representations, no arguments, could shake his resolve: he swore stoutly that if the captain would not have him, he would go alone, and haunt him like a corpulent little ghost. At last Jim gave way.

Shortly afterward, when the Salle d'Armes, its good-will, connection, appurtenances, and so forth, had been satisfactorily disposed of to the identical Monsieur Bergeret, of Paris, who performed at a certain memorable "assault," the two comrades left, perhaps forever, the bright old town that had known them so long.

For one hour, just before their departure, Jim was unaccountably missing; and if Camille could have looked through the locked door of an unoccupied room at the top of No. 15 (it once was Minnie's), he might have seen that which it is bad to see—the tearless throes of a strong man's grief; but when the hour was passed, Captain Tregarvan rejoined him, his face impassible as before, and in a few minutes they had steamed out of the harbor, and were on their way over the laughing waves to England.

There, being utterly hopeless, spending his days in making preparation for exile, his sleepless nights in steeling his heart for the ordeal that awaits it, Jim has lived through some ten days, and, perchance, has found a grain of comfort in the thought that his misery is at its full, that no possible event can add to his despair. And now—O mockery of Fate!—he is a baronet, and immensely wealthy.

A few weeks ago, and this news would have made him happy for life; to-night he paces his room, with fever in his eyes, half demented under this new subtle agony. A few weeks ago, and he would never have been compelled to hide his love as though it were a crime, to deny himself even the friendship of one for whom he would have laid down his life rejoicing; a few weeks ago, and, instead of telling Dane, "Go and prosper," he would have fought with him, loyally and mercilessly, for every smile, for every look of that fair face, till one of them had won it; a few weeks ago—ah, me! and to-night?

He could bear his burden almost patiently this morning, for he had no thought that it could have been otherwise; but now, indeed, the venom had entered his wound, and spreads deadly and fast. He had not thought of this; it never even suggested itself to him in his wildest hopes to build upon this. He had always fancied himself so lost to his family, to his country, that the idea of his brother dying before him childless never once arose in his mind. Oh, fool! not to have waited a little, granted himself a little respite, before he slew his soul. Oh, fool! to have been so rash, when this little imperceptible delay, these few days more or less, meant love or despair, life or existence, the bright happy sun or the outer darkness. Oh, fool! to be standing here to-night, with burning hands tearing his hair, when he might be where Dane is; when he might be listening to the sweet full tones of the one voice for him, looking for love in the depths of those loving eyes.

How can he bear it? True, he does not believe that Minnie loves him; he does not doubt her love for Regy; he does not even feel sure she ever would have loved *him;* but how can he bear to think that by his own act he has cut himself off from his chance, however slight, of happiness? that he has lost her when he might have won her?

Jim refuses to do any business the next day, and remains in his room till the evening. Then he comes down stairs, his face strangely drawn and haggard, and goes through a long conversation with Camille and the lawyer, in which he informs them of his intentions, and, notwithstanding great opposition, manages to convince at least his more impressionable friend that they are for the best. Firstly, he finds himself unable, under present circumstances, to be present at the wedding, and will therefore run down at once to Holyoak Lodge to say "Good-by" before his departure for the East; secondly, he will enter the Egyptian service, as he had intended, and wishes to do it as soon as possible; thirdly, he desires the revenues of the Tregarvan estates to be applied in the purchase of land, as he himself does not intend to touch them, at least for some years.

Camille supplements this by casting in his lot with the speaker, whatever may be in store for them, but begs him to reconsider his determination.

Mr. De Murrer refuses to believe his ears, and doesn't.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT THE NIGHT BREEZE HAD TO SAY.

Two days after. The mid-day express is speeding Sir James Tregarvan through the green hedge-rows and stubbly fields on his way to Leamington. He has not written to the colonel to announce his arrival; he wishes to take them unawares, to do his purpose quickly, to return by the night train. Farewells that are hard to say should be brief; words that are hard to speak are worst spoken at leisure. He must leave them no chance of reversing his decision. It would have well-nigh broken his heart to listen to the merry marriage-bells when still they could not chime for him, but he would have borne it; now, when the bride might, if she would, lay her little hand in his, and all the world applaud, it would be worse than death; the very thought is torture unendurable and maddening.

"'Ave a look at this week's *Judy*, Sir?" breaks in the stridulent voice of the other occupant of the carriage, who up to this time has been immersed in the *Sporting Life* and a big brass-bound pocket-book alternately—a stout red-faced man, principally remarkable from the magnificence of his apparel and the rank odor of his cigar.

"Seen it, eh?" he resumes; "runs *Fun* to a neck, don't it? No? Ah, some don't care for it, I know. By-the-way, you'll excuse a feller-traveler, but 'ave you got another of those smokes 'andy? The yellow-haired girl at the bar (clinker, ain't she?) gave me these, and they're 'orrid bad."

Jim gives him a cigar to stop his mouth, if possible, and becomes interested in the landscape.

"Topping weed this," moving over to opposite the donor; "there's a great deal in choosin' one's baccy; and you ain't a fool at that, *I* can see. Lor' bless ye, I can tell a connyseur a mile off by the smell of his clothes."

His vis-à-vis begins to beat an impatient tattoo with his foot, and continues looking intently out of window.

"In the military line, I fancy?" resumes the irrepressible one, slowly taking off his dog-skin gloves, and passing in review half a dozen huge rings. "Ah, you 'lobsters'—he! he! no offense, I 'ope?—you 'lobsters' *'ave* got the breed and quality, make no error. By gad! I should like to see the army you couldn't give two stone to, and walk in, *walk* in, by George!"

Jim vouchsafes no answer but the restive tapping of his heel.

"Going to the Meeting, I s'pose," after a pull at a gilt flask, "eh?" Rat-tat-tat rather more pronounced. "Well, what's your fancy for the Cup? Don't care about touching it, p'r'aps? Better not; no public form to go on, you see. You'll keep to the Stewards' Stakes, if you take *my* advice. Come, I'll tell you what I'll do with you," catching up the pocket-book, and preparing for action; "I'll lay you forty pound to ten against Rattlesnake! Won't have it? I'll lay you two to one, bar one! There, eh? shall I put it down?" A sudden movement from Jim. "Damn it, ten to one, bar three!"

By a great effort Jim restrains a tremendous inclination to kick his speculative friend out of window, and merely points to the other side of the carriage, with a word or two of a sufficiently peremptory nature, whither, after a stare of astonishment, the red face retires, somewhat abashed, and grumbling indistinctly.

Half an hour more to ponder over what he shall say to Minnie, the train runs in to Leamington Station, and Sir James Tregarvan goes up the town to charter a trap for the remaining ten miles of his journey.

The day has turned out strangely hot for September, and so, partly oppressed by the heat, partly glad of an excuse to put off the visit he dreads so much, he orders lunch at the hotel, and tries to get cool in the coffee-room.

As the shadows grow longer he leaves the town in a ramshackle old vehicle, the only one which the neighboring races have not "requisitioned," probably because it is *so* ramshackle. The road is picturesque, and would be pleasant but for the dust. Every now and then across the fields comes the sudden bang of some gun, and the eye catches the little white cloud of smoke rising in the still air; quaint villages meet them, rattle under their wheels, and vanish among the great trees; lordly gates stand open invitingly, and give them a glimpse of undulating park lands and interminable avenues, sending a thrill through Jim as he approaches his destination, lest each should be in turn the entrance of Colonel Ferrers's property. Diminutive rustics stand on the bank as they pass, and cheer them vociferously; and so they leave mile-stone after mile-stone behind them, and presently come to the last.

"That's the short cut to the Lodge, Sir," says the driver, pointing with his whip, "that little gate there, on the left."

An iron wicket half imbedded in the hedge, and surmounted by a forbidding piece of information: "All trespassers will be prosecuted."

"Stop a minute," cries Jim, with a sudden fancy; "is it a pretty walk?"

"Ay, Sir, that it be; takes you through the plantation, straight up to the house."

"In that case," getting out of the carriage, "I shall walk up. You go on to the inn, and wait for me; I'll be down there about ten o'clock."

"All right, Sir; can't miss your way." And the dilapidated fly rumbles off in a cloud of dust.

Jim lifts the latch, and passes into a long rise of meadow. As he walks by the path in the cool pleasant grass, he tries to compose his thoughts, and prepare himself for what he has to do, and yet feels, with every step, that his heart is beating faster, that his face is paling. How often must not Minnie have passed along this track! Perhaps she was here to-day. He is very near her now; in a quarter of an hour he will meet her, touch her hand, listen to her expressions of surprise; in a quarter of an hour he will be giving an explanation of his presence, answering the questions of the others, sitting down to the remains of dinner; and before midnight he will have said his say, bid his good-by's, parted from her forever.

Several fields to cross, several antique stiles to linger over, and he comes to another hedge and a locked gate. Up and into the heavy shade of the trees like a bird—he is not an old man yet, thank the Lord!—and straight ahead, till he comes to a little soft-turfed glade, when the felled trunk of a tree suggests a moment's rest. A dusky walk under the still branches up to the garden and the house, which he can just discern through the leaves; an opening toward the west; the sun sinking redly over those far-off purple hills, bathing the hot plain in the mist of its golden slanting rays; strange dull streaks of black across the ruddy sky; a bar of inky cloud athwart the fire itself as it dallies with the blushing night. In the distance a sheep-bell tinkles not unmusically, and now and then the barking of a dog, the faint roll of wheels, an echoed halloo, sound through the air.

"It 'll soon be all over," thinks Jim, sadly, "and Minnie, little Minnie mine, I shall be part of your life no longer!"

He is sitting in deep shade, half hidden by great overhanging boughs of oak.

"Good-by, Minnie, that I love so madly; good-by, my beautiful dream! Ah, Heaven! how happy we might have been!"

The grateful stillness of the twilight is wondrous soothing. Hark! one hears that rustle in the fallen leaves so plainly—the night breeze rising?

"But, Minnie, your husband can not take you all to him; I have still ten years (those swift ten years—do you remember?) that are mine, that he has no right in."

That rustle again, nearer—the night breeze coming this way?

"Of them he can not rob me. My pet of the dear old times lives still for me, to fill up that awful blank of the future. But her heart? *Must* it be another's?"

How the gravel crackles!—the night breeze playing along the path?

"O for one spark of hope! O that it were possible even to hope for hope!"

What is that softest murmur that mingles itself with his thoughts, as the night breeze grows stronger and nearer?

"I can not; I dare not. Then may I have strength to do, and not betray myself!"

A light tread on the grass, a sweet voice in his ears. It was not the wind, then, that was coming to cool his throbbing temples; it is not the wind that has turned him into a statue, so white, with such blazing eyes. It is a woman: not one of the household—her walk is too graceful; not the colonel's wife—she is too young. He can see her, he can hear her; and he stands, hands clinched, dazed and drunk with what he hears. Listen, she is speaking again:

"When you know how I love you, Jim darling," very dreamily, "how can you be cruel? My own, are you happy alone? Why are you not here to take care of me? Why are you not here, when I want you *so* much? But you *will* come—you *must!*"

Then, her fair arms imploring, in a passion of yearning:

"Ah, darling, come soon! O God! send him to me soon—very soon!"

Again she speaks, her outstretched hands so close that the low branch which hides Jim almost brushes against them:

"Was it *no* use, then, begging a respite? Will the time pass, and laugh at my tears? Ah, no! you will come, and take me to you. You *will* come, won't you, Jim? You would not linger so long, my beloved, if you heard me."

Is joy deadly, or will ever that stone waken into life?

"Oh, darling, I have only three months!" continues the tender voice—"three short months; he would not give me more. Three short months, and then—I shall have to make myself love him. I must give him the first place in my heart; I may never again come to the quiet faithful woods and talk to you."

How can his flambent eyes look upon her, and not speak of their presence?

"It will be a sin to love you then. Ah, come before it is too late!"

See, in the gloom there, those limbs quivering and strained in a great effort to move, that parched mouth forming words which sound not, and are spent on the air. Once more the agonized wail:

"I'm waiting; I have waited so long! In pity come soon, for I love you, and am weary!"

A dead silence.

"Minnie!"—in a sharp hoarse whisper.

She starts violently, and stands trembling from head to foot, her gaze fixed on the shadow.

"Minnie!" again whispered harshly.

With one heavy, staggering stride Jim has left the darkness behind him, and is at her side. A catching of her breath, a low glad cry, and her soft white arms are clinging round his neck, and her yielding body is a dull weight in his clasp, and her beautiful head is thrown back gazing upon his face, and wondering if it can be from the last rays of setting day that it has caught such a glory.

"Min," he murmurs, in his old bell-like tones, looking down into her swimming eyes, "was that all true? All you were saying to Jim just now, was it for me? Was it true?"

A smile of sweetness unutterable on those divine lips so near him.

"So you love me, Min?" slowly.

"Ah, God! how intensely!"

"And I, Min," bending down his radiant face to hers, "do I love you?" Lower still: "Do I? Say, sweetest." Then almost in a sob, "My angel, I adore you!" And their impassioned eyes grow to each other, and her velvet cheek lies against his, and broken, happy words of love die away and are lost in one long idolatrous kiss, in one ravenous embrace.

"All mine at last, Min," very fondly, after some minutes.

"Yours, my own love, now and to eternity!" How triumphantly she says it! And yet it is not so long ago that she would have remembered the words of a little French song which does not believe in "la rive fidèle, où l'on aime toujours."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Preparations for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia are going on steadily and successfully. Numerous obstacles have been quietly overcome, the erection of buildings has progressed rapidly, and arrangements have been made to have the city in a good condition for the reception of the multitude of expected guests. A short time ago, in response to a special invitation, a party of merchants, business men, and capitalists from New York and New England made an excursion to the Centennial Grounds for the purpose of seeing the extent and progress of the preparations for the great celebration. They were received by the Committee of Invitation and a deputation of citizens; visited the Memorial Hall and the site of the other Exhibition buildings, the details of which were fully explained. After the tour of inspection was finished, a collation was served in the banqueting hall on Belmont Hill, an eminence overlooking the city, and addresses appropriate to the occasion were made.

Memorial Hall, or the Art Building designed for the exhibition of painting and statuary, is far advanced toward completion, the frame-work of Machinery Hall is nearly finished, and the foundations laid for the main Exhibition Building. There will also be Horticultural and Agricultural halls, and the work has been so planned that all these buildings can be rapidly completed. The Art Building is intended to be a permanent structure. Special arrangements are being made by the Philadelphians to provide abundant accommodations for visitors to the Exhibition. Various plans have been devised. An International Hotel Company has been formed, which proposes to rent three blocks of buildings in the immediate vicinity of the Centennial Grounds, turning the space occupied by the deep gardens into great dining-rooms, and it is estimated that something like 10,000 persons can in this way be accommodated. A large temporary hotel is also suggested, capable of accommodating from 3000 to 5000 guests. It is expected that special trains will bring the Exhibition within two hours' time of New York city, so that many visitors will take up their residence in this city. Altogether, the Centennial Exhibition promises to be a thorough success.

Many lessons have been deduced from the loss of the *Schiller*. One of these is that during a heavy fog steamers should slacken speed much more than is customary. No risk of drowning hundreds of passengers should be lightly incurred; the ambition to make a short passage across the ocean should dwindle into utter insignificance in comparison. Another precaution which is mentioned as of great importance is the frequent use of the lead. In consequence of the dangerous character of the south coast of England, and the heavy fogs and violent gales which are frequent in the English Channel, the bottom of the Channel has been surveyed with special care, and so thoroughly described that by frequent soundings the exact position of a vessel can be ascertained even in the densest fog.

The *City of Berlin*, the latest addition to the Inman Line, is said to be the largest steam-ship afloat, except the *Great Eastern*. There are accommodations for 1800 passengers. The steamer carries ten large boats, eight being life-boats of the most approved construction. The water tanks are capable of containing 20,000 gallons.

At the recent annual meeting of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, measures were taken to free the Museum of its debt, which amounts to $40,000, $15,000 of which are due to General Di Cesnola. Fifteen members subscribed $1000 each, the conditions being that the subscription should not be binding until the amount subscribed reached $25,000. The large attendance of visitors during the year indicates the public appreciation of the Museum.

Whenever an ocean steamer is lost, attention is turned to the sad records of the past, and a new and melancholy interest is awakened in the details of notable wrecks. There have been numerous serious disasters since 1841, when, in the month of March, the *President*, two days out from New York, encountered, as is supposed, a terrible gale, and foundered. Not one of the three hundred on board survived to tell the tale. In 1852 the *Amazon*, a West India mail steamer, took fire about one hundred miles west of the rocks where the *Schiller* was wrecked, and 161 of the passengers were drowned or burned to death. The loss of the *Arctic*, in 1854, by collision with the *Vesta*, resulted in the death of 307 out of the 439 persons on board. By the burning of the *Austria*, in 1858, no less than 451 persons perished. The *Pacific*, the *City of Glasgow*, and the *City of Boston*, like the *President*, disappeared mysteriously, and no trace of them has been found. When the *Central America* foundered, while on her way to Aspinwall, in 1857, only 152 of the 579 persons on board were saved. The *Evening Star*, the *Pomona*, the *London*, the *Missouri*, the *America*, are names which bring up remembrances of sad disasters. And still more recently occurred the wreck of the *Atlantic*, by which 547 lives were lost; and 270 perished with the *Ville du Havre*. These are some of the more prominent of ocean disasters within the last thirty-five years. A complete list would demand extended space, and would surprise and startle many readers by its great number of wrecked and missing vessels, whose names are less familiar than those we have mentioned.

At a recent banquet of horse, ass, and mule flesh in Paris the opinion was expressed that prejudice was so strong in England that a horse-butcher's stall could not be set up in London with any chance of success. It was afterward announced that an honorary medal would be given to any one willing to make the attempt, and £20 be distributed to the poor of the district.

One-eighth of all the lands and premises on Goat Island, at Niagara Falls, was recently sold for $51,325.

At the sixteenth annual Commencement of Columbia College Law School, which was recently held at the Academy of Music, diplomas were conferred upon two hundred and ten students. In his address to the graduating class Professor Dwight counseled them to refrain from all trickery, and disabuse their minds of the idea that sharpness was legal ability. He remarked:

> "If the truth were told of some lawyers, their epitaph would read: 'Here lies ——, who for fifty years was an expert in legal finesse, outwitting his adversaries, hoodwinking his clients, and making use of confidential communications for his own advantage; he entered hundreds of snap judgments, and abounded in legal devices, submitting to many rebukes from the Court with becoming composure, making no rash reply, and refraining from any expression that would interfere with the future performance of similar acts; he amassed a large fortune and died; his gratified heirs have erected this monument to suggest to those of his generation that never knew him that he once lived, though those who have experienced his favors will not fail to remember him.' To such an epitaph as this who would be bold enough to add, 'And of such is the kingdom of heaven?'"

Mosquitoes have been recently a great nuisance at the Westminster Palace Hotel, London. At length a small pool of green, stagnant water was discovered near the building. This was removed, and the mosquitoes at once disappeared, and have not since returned. This is plainly suggestive.

The great musical festival in Cincinnati was held in the Exposition Hall, a building well adapted to such a celebration from its admirable acoustic properties, its good ventilation, and its central location. It is large enough to seat five thousand persons. Adjoining the main audience hall are spacious apartments and refreshment-rooms, where people amused themselves during the long intermissions between the performances.

In these Centennial days, when so many celebrations are made in honor of events which helped to gain freedom for the people of America, there is a strange incongruity in the fact that, in this nominally free country, men willing to work, and to whom work is offered, are not permitted to earn their bread; that willing laborers are forcibly driven from their work, threatened, mobbed; and all this in peaceable Pennsylvania. What greater tyranny can exist in any country, under any form of government, than that a man is not permitted to labor with his hands, at wages of his own choice, in any occupation he pleases? Yet such is the disgraceful state of things among the miners of Pennsylvania. Because a band of workmen refuse to work for certain wages, they violently prevent others from accepting the terms of payment they refuse. Where is freedom, if such oppression is suffered to exist?

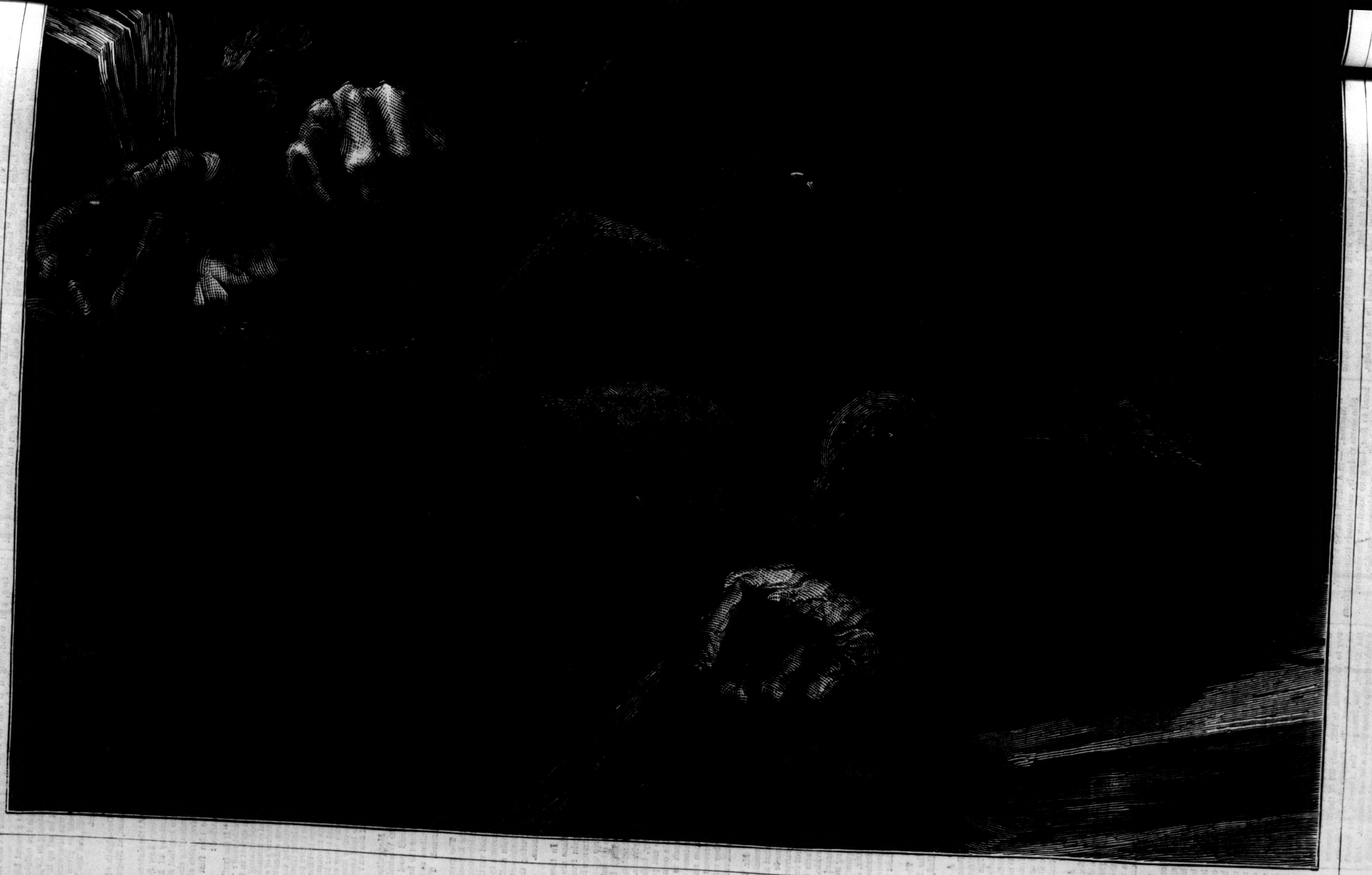
Mr. Whittier's faith in the story of Barbara Frietchie remains unshaken, if we may credit reports. He says that all attempts made to prove it untrue have been made by persons to whom a remembrance of the occurrence is distasteful. His own belief in it is founded not only on the testimony of friends who learned the facts in the city of Frederick, but on the unsolicited evidence of numerous persons in the South. He first heard the story from a lady of Virginia birth, now living in the District of Columbia, whose veracity is unquestioned. Other authorities were Miss Dorothea Dix, Judge John C. Underwood, late of the United States District Court of Virginia, and a relative of Stonewall Jackson. Mr. Whittier fears that the incident "will stick to old Barbara for some time yet."

The flag which was carried by Paul Boyton across the English Channel has been sent to Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and is now on exhibition there.

A short spelling match occurred in the streets of Boston not long ago. A coal cart, an ice team, and a street car got jammed together in very close quarters. The driver of the anthracite van, using some opprobrious epithets, bade the ice vendor back out of the difficulty or he would pull him out of his ice bin. Whereupon six feet of down East Yankee emerged from the depths of the frigid merchandise, doubled a huge fist, and simply ejaculated, "Spell 'able.'" The collier retired from the orthographical contest without further ado.

At a recent meeting of the Palestine Exploration Society it was reported that subscriptions had been obtained within a few months amounting to over $28,000. Three gentlemen gave their pledges to make the sum $30,000, whereupon it was resolved to send out a new expedition immediately, under charge of Colonel J. C. Lane.

M. Gaston Tissandier, the survivor of the three aeronauts of the *Zenith*, recently read a report of the voyage before the French Academy of Science. At the height of 7000 meters they experienced no ill effects; but when they reached 7500 meters they were motionless and benumbed. Tissandier says: "As far as I can remember, the numbness increased. At this height both body and mind gradually grew feebler. We did not suffer; we became indifferent, and thought no more of the danger we were running. We only wished to ascend. The giddiness of great heights is not a vain expression. Sivel sat down, as well as Spinelli; I became very weak, without the power of turning my head, and was unable to raise my arms for the purpose of inhaling the oxygen." The barometrical tubes gave 8600 as the greatest height reached. Tissandier believes that the death of his companions resulted from the atmospheric depression, and that his own preservation was due to his lymphatic constitution, and to his having fainted more completely and sooner than the others. He says: "My companions would still be living had they been able to inhale the oxygen which we had in reserve, but they had lost the power of moving."



"THE LAST MUSTER."

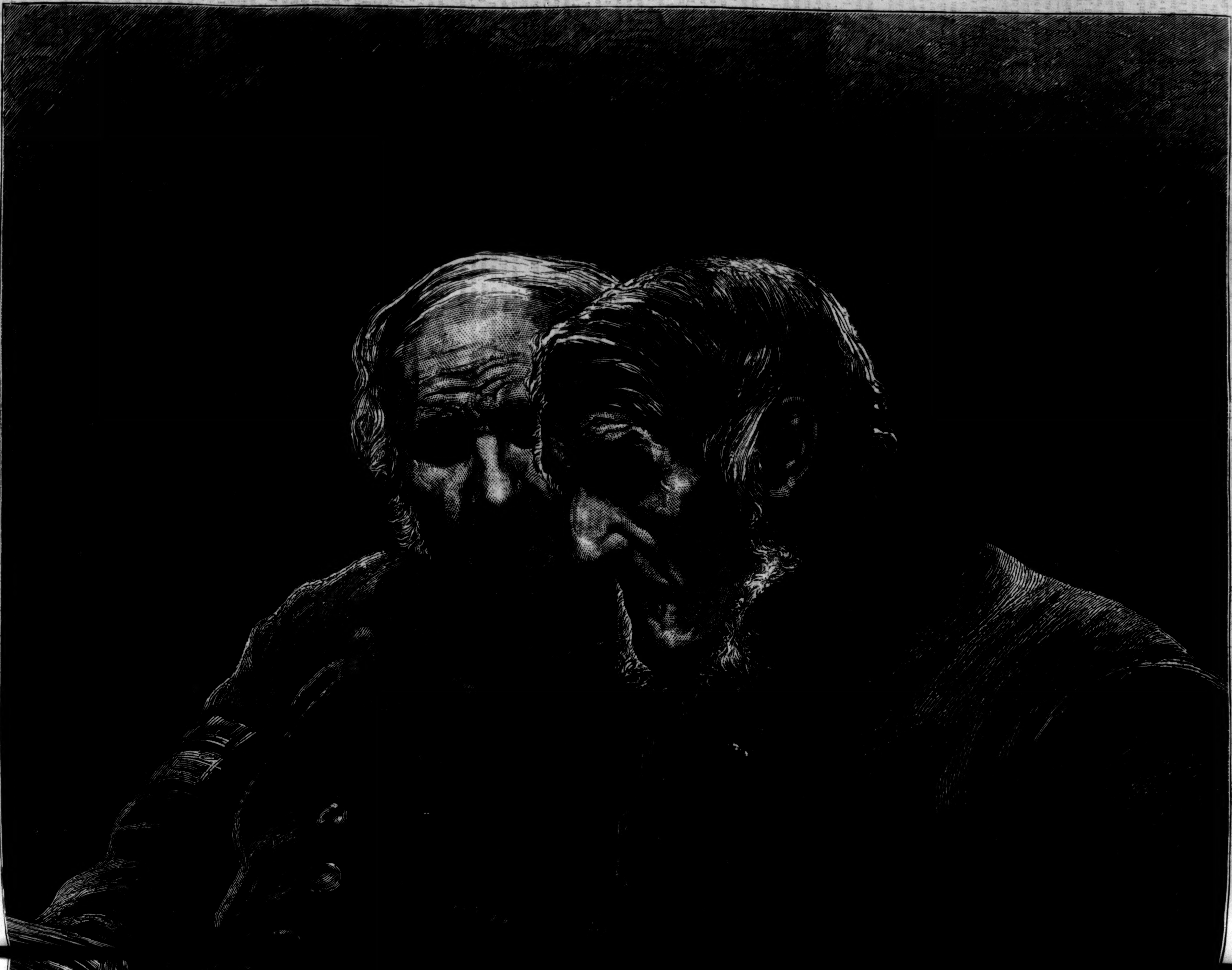
"THE LAST MUSTER."

Our engraving gives two figures from a large painting by Mr. **Hubert Herkomer**, now on exhibition at the London Royal Academy. It is called "The Last Muster," and represents an assemblage of old pensioners in the chapel of Chelsea Hospital.

This hospital is an interesting and humane institution. Some two hundred years ago an old or wounded English soldier who was obliged to fall back for relief on his parish or district, even if he succeeded in showing his right by domicile to some assistance, received as a pauper's dole what should have been given in the shape of grateful reward. It is true that a limited number of men received accommodation from time to time in almshouses to which the crown had a right of presentation, but the number was very small, and the relief therein given was seldom sufficient for the old men's wants. These considerations, and the importunity of the large numbers of maimed soldiers wandering about, led King Charles II. to adopt some more efficient means of providing for them—an idea which became embodied in the structure since familiarly known as Chelsea Hospital, which, within its walls, or with its provision for *out pension*, affords to every soldier who can show his title by length of service, or by injury received on duty, a very fair support for the rest of his life.

The liberality of Parliament in modern times has greatly increased the utility of this institution. Charles II. had no public grant to assist him in providing the fabric of the building, or even the site on which it stands, but an appeal to the army itself to contribute a day's pay in the year, and a poundage on some of its allowances, brought in sufficient funds, when aided by voluntary contributions, to pay for land and buildings. The king hoped that all his suffering soldiers might be supported at Chelsea; but the scheme proved insufficient in a very few years. This led to the permanent institution of *out pension*. There are now 60,000 out pensioners, for whose support Parliament votes a million of money. Such a munificent provision should suffice to keep every deserving soldier from beggary.

Owing to the liberal grant now made for army pension, a soldier has no difficulty in obtaining such an annuity in money as his merits entitle him to under the rules of the service. But admission to a berth inside the hospital at Chelsea is not so easy of attainment, being reserved for those among the large body already mentioned to whom any ordinary pension in money could not bring suitable support, by reason of great age or infirmity. Fifty-five or sixty years of age usually qualify for admission, but wounds or severe injuries by climate abroad would give a claim earlier. In either case the candidate is supposed to be unburdened by a family depending on him. The total number accommodated at Chelsea Hospital is 538. The average age of those in the house is sixty-five years. They are provided with excellent lodging and clothing and a very liberal diet. They have physicians and nurses to see to their wants, and there is a handsome chapel, with a resident chaplain, on the premises. Library and reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, baths, and all other conveniences of such an establishment are not wanting; and the old men receive a weekly allowance of tobacco money. These advantages do not always bring contentment, and occasionally an inmate desires to return to his old haunts, which he is freely permitted to do, receiving back his out pension, surrendered on admission.



LOVE BY TELEGRAPH.

Miss Pearl Silverly was telegraph operator at Jones's Station, and Lucy Lorillard operator at Nineveh, the next point of communication, with nothing but the distance to prevent their intimacy. They had never met, however, except electrically, and were total strangers to each other till one New-Year's morning, when it occurred to Miss Pearl to send the following telegram to her nearest neighbor and fellow-laborer: "To Lucy Lorillard,—A happy New-Year: Pearl Silverly"—partly because she was idle, as hers was a branch route, with very little business and less pay, and partly because she was in need of a friend and a friendly word. She had been lately in the habit of amusing herself wondering if this Lucy Lorillard found life pleasant, had father, mother, lovers, and friends, and was like herself in nothing but in being a telegraph operator.

The answer returned promptly: "Thanks. The same to you, and more also. If wishes were horses, etc."

"Rather slangy," thought Pearl, "but good-natured. I guess she has a brother at home." And so the ice, once thawed, had no chance to stiffen again after this. There was little business, as I said, going over the lines from Jones's Station to Nineveh, and as the operator at the last-named place seemed likewise to have unlimited leisure on hand, the two held frequent electrical *tête-à-têtes*, and Pearl began to feel as if she had known Lucy Lorillard from infancy—as if they had gone to school arm in arm, and learned their lessons from the same book.

Pearl's home, if it deserved the name, was in her uncle's family, where there were three cousins and an aunt, but no uncle now; a home where she hardly felt at home, where she enjoyed no companionship, where she was perpetually harassed and annoyed, where her opinions were ridiculed, and her sentiments and tastes received no sympathy; a home where there was no room for expansion except in the way of "long-suffering and bearing all things." She always had a dread of returning to this roof-tree at night, a sort of ecstasy at leaving it in the morning, especially after this new friendship had begun to coruscate across her days. To be sure, she ate her daily bread and slept the sleep of the just at Aunt Hidden's, but she hoped and aspired and lived at the telegraph office, since friendship is as much a necessity to the human being as good dinners and soft couches. She could never exactly tell how it came about, but gradually, from exchanging pretty civilities and pleasantries and the news of the day across the wires, she found herself presently telling this Lucy Lorillard, upon whom she had never set eyes, almost every thing she knew and felt and suffered or enjoyed, and receiving experiences and confidences and words of comfort in return from said Lucy Lorillard. Nothing was too trivial and nothing too great for the two to discuss across the lines between Jones's Station and Nineveh, which had suddenly sprung into remarkable activity, and which at one time caused Lucy to remark, telegraphically, "Our *lines* have fallen in pleasant places;" while Pearl answered, "When I am here at the office, and can rap out a message to you, I forget who I am, and feel no longer homesick for a home that doesn't exist, and alone in the world. You are in my thoughts, sleeping or waking. If it weren't for you, dear Lucy, I think my heart would break. No one can tell how grateful I am for your friendship."

Lucy: "You silly puss! grateful to me, indeed! I receive a great deal more than I give. I am so happy that you think of me sometimes. Keep thinking. To live in your thoughts is a kind of immortality."

"Come! who's silly now? Any body would think we were lovers."

Lucy: "So we are, aren't we? I wonder if we should know each other if we were to meet by accident."

"I should know *you*, of course—see if I wouldn't. You've got great dark liquid eyes, such as poets rave over, with dark curling lashes, and a flickering color on your cheek, and thick waves of light brown hair; you're tall and slender, and have a fatal dimple in your chin. There!"

"You've omitted my principal feature; otherwise you flatter my poor face and figure."

"Oh, an aquiline nose; and, let me add, you are fond of perfumes and jewels."

"I am fond of *one* Pearl, certainly."

"Now it is your turn to portray."

Lucy: "Well, your eyes are large and blue, like forget-me-nots."

"Aunt Hidden says they're like burned holes in a blanket. Don't deceive yourself."

"Your nose is Grecian."

"It has earned me the name of Pug at home, however—not willing to contradict such a Daniel as yourself."

"Your complexion is like the lily."

"Pad, by your leave."

"Your hair is a skein of yellow floss."

"Pardon me: they call it unmitigated red at Jones's Station; but no doubt they are color-blind."

Sometimes they conversed in this novel manner about the books they had read, and the journeys they would take when their ships came in; about the music they thirsted to hear; about Now and Hereafter.

"It struck me oddly the other day," telegraphed Pearl, "that I had never heard your voice. Wonder if I should recognize it. When I listen to the '*Träumerei*,' which somebody plays next door, I seem to hear you speaking to me."

Lucy: "You *shall* hear me some day—to some purpose."

"I hope so. Would any one believe that a companionship between two who have never seen each other could be so sweet? I sometimes fear that it's too good to last."

"Don't you ever come to Nineveh, shopping?"

"No; I'm too poor. I don't mind telling it, because I suspect you of the same infirmity. Don't *you* ever come to Jones's Station?"

"Often—in spirit."

"I used to be *so* miserable before I knew you! I used to think there couldn't be any body so unhappy. The beggar-woman had her child, the old crones at the work-house were friendly with each other, the humpbacked girl in the alley had a sister; and now *I*—have a friend!"

"'Friendship is love without the wings,' the poet says. Wouldn't you rather say, 'I have a lover?'"

"Now you're teasing. There's no love worth having without friendship for a foundation."

"Amen."

Later.

"I'm going to confide to you how foolish I've been. I was invited to a ball—a county ball. Cousins Liz, Belle, and Fan accepted. I made their gowns—such beauties! pink and blue and sea-green tarlatans, like sweet clouds. I felt like Cinderella, and sat down and had a good enjoyable cry after they were gone. I had nothing but my old brown alpaca to wear. I couldn't sleep half the night, thinking of what I had lost—such giddy galops, such mazy quadrilles!—though of course I would have been a wall-flower!"

"'The flower that all are praising.'"

"No; nobody but you."

"No? I fancy you resemble the woman I heard a clergyman praise in his sermon last Sunday, with whom he said it was pleasanter to meet than a poem of Browning's, Paul's epistle, or a chapter of Epictetus!"

"I sha'n't listen to such flattery. Our meeting will be one of disillusions."

Sometimes the telegrams were after this fashion:

Pearl: "What are the latest things out in suits at Nineveh?"

Lucy: "The young men."

"No trifling. How are over-skirts?"

"Very much puffed up."

"Perhaps you can tell how they dress the hair now?"

"With brush and comb still."

"I mean is it worn off the forehead now?"

"It *is* very much worn off the foreheads of the young ladies who crimp, and off the crowns of the men who live in their hats."

"How do you wear your own, pray?"

"Curled."

"Splendid! Have you such a thing as a lover?"

"I have one devoted lover, for a surety."

"Splendid! I've sometimes thought—but no; you'll tell him."

"You won't mind when I assure you that my lover is only myself, Lucy Lorillard. Now you've sometimes thought—?"

"It would be delightful to be first in somebody's heart."

"No matter whose?"

"What a plague you are! It seems to me it would be so delightful to love somebody better than yourself—so well you could die for him!"

"He would be a fine 'figger of a man' to *let* you die for him."

"You *do* know how to put an extinguisher upon sentiment."

Later.

Pearl: "I've got something dreadful to tell you."

"And bad news travels fast."

"I've got a lover."

"I knew that before. What's dreadful about it?"

"Oh, I don't want him; he's old. He might be my grandfather."

"Saints and ministers of grace defend us!"

"And Aunt Hidden says it's my duty to marry him."

"And I say you sha'n't."

"He walks with a crutch, but Aunt Hidden says *I* can ride in my carriage. He is deaf, but she reminds me that I am not dumb. He wears a scratch, but she assures me that 'scratch' is only masculine for chignon."

"Did I understand that you were willing to die for him?"

"I'd sooner die than marry him."

"Good. But you won't do either."

"But I must decide to queen it at Gable Hall or be turned out of house and home."

"My arms are open to you, as well as my doors."

"How well that would sound, dear Lucy, if you were only a nice young man whom I might love! I hope you don't think I'm improper."

"I think you're an angel, and the pink of propriety."

"Squire Gable brought down the family jewels to dazzle me. Liz tried them all on. I couldn't touch one. I felt that the dead women who had shone in them would rise up and curse me if I should purchase them at such a price, and so cheapen love and all womankind. Squire Gable has a grandnephew who will come into his property if he marries no one, but he takes no notice of the young man, because his mother married against the squire's wish. This is all hearsay, however; it may not be true. But in the mean time the nephew is quite poor, they say. I pity him."

"And pity is akin to love."

"Yes—love's poor relation."

Still later.

Pearl: "Advise me, dear Lucy. Aunt Hidden warns me that if I refuse Squire Gable, she will wash her hands of me. So I temporize, like a fool."

"And the woman who hesitates is lost."

"I demand a month for reflection. But when the month is ended, what am I to do? My salary here as operator wouldn't buy my salt. I don't know how to do any thing else; nobody would give me board as a cook, sewing-girls are a drug in the market, and to beg I am ashamed."

"If you marry him, I'll forbid the banns. All that I have is yours."

"But the trouble is, you haven't got any thing to speak of, you dear old goose."

"Not much, to be sure; but enough for us two."

"I can't take even your bounty. You know the old story—poor and proud."

"You would rather take my heart and make no return?"

"To tell the truth, I'm afraid to meet you. Now you can believe me every thing that is beautiful; then there'll be no more illusion, and you may not like the result. And I should die if *you* turned against me."

"Then promise not to marry the squire: take his poor grandnephew instead."

"If you'll forward the young man. They say he lives in Nineveh, and that he's one of nature's noblemen. Do you know him?"

"I doubt if you'd agree to the description if you knew him as well as I do. However, you might prefer him to his granduncle."

"I should prefer the King of the Cannibal Islands."

"Then why reflect so long?"

"To gain time."

"To waste it, I should say."

"So be it. I'll refuse him to-morrow, and trust to luck."

"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day."

Later.

"I feel so wicked! I shall not refuse the squire, and I shall not marry him. He was found in his library chair stiff and cold last night. Aunt Hidden says no doubt he has left me something handsome, and if he hasn't, it's a justice upon me! I shall never accept an iota. It belongs to his poor nephew, and would be only legalized highway robbery."

"You have the nephew's prospects very much at heart: he ought to feel flattered."

Later still.

"Liz and Aunt Hidden went to Squire Gable's funeral. I had a nervous headache, and so escaped. Liz came home raving over the squire's grandnephew, the only mourner—she had eyes for little else. But how foolish I am! What do you care about Squire Gable's nephew?"

"Perhaps I care more than I'd like to own, alas!"

"Ah, sits the wind in that quarter? They sent for me to be present at the reading of the will. I didn't go."

"You might have seen the grandnephew."

"I wouldn't have gone to see the Grand Lama. But I saw him at church, and thought it wouldn't be so difficult to fall in love with him as with the squire, upon my word—now don't laugh—though he isn't my *beau ideal*."

"Let those laugh who win."

Miss Liz was wondering if the squire's nephew would settle down in the old place or go sky-larking over the world, and if Parson Longmetre would bring him to call, or how she should contrive to make his acquaintance, and whether green or blue became her complexion best, like the foolish milkmaid in the story; while Aunt Hidden's mouth was watering on account of the old china and silver ware at Gable Hall, "that might as well have been in the family as not," she grumbled. "And there wasn't a track in the carpets nor a scratch on the furniture, and I've no doubt there's silks that would stand alone folded away in the attic, and nobody the better."

And while she bewailed Pearl's folly, Lawyer Verdict dropped in to say that the squire had left his money to Pearl, and cut off the poor nephew with a paltry five hundred dollars!

Pearl hastened to telegraph the news to Lucy Lorillard.

"Now, I fear, you will not wish to share my cottage, gentle maid?"

"You don't suppose I'm going to keep the filthy lucre?" answered Pearl.

"I certainly do."

"I wouldn't touch a copper of it for the world."

"If you don't keep every cent, I'll have nothing more to say to you."

"You're joking, of course."

"I was never more serious in my life."

"I can't believe it of you."

"If you give up the money, you will give me up too."

"Then dearest friends must part: you are not the one I took you for."

"I'm your best friend, however."

"I couldn't follow your advice and satisfy my conscience."

"Then you love your conscience better than me."

> "'I could not love you, dear, so well,
> Loved I not honor more.'"

"Let me persuade you to keep it."

"You can not: the woman doesn't live who could."

"Let me come and talk to you."

"You may come and talk till the heavens fall."

"Shall our interview take place at your aunt's?"

"With Liz at the key-hole and Belle at the closet slide? No; here at the office. The messages are too infrequent to signify: only you and I have kept the wires from rusting."

"But all that is at an end. To-morrow, then, at the office. Ain't I a disinterested mortal to travel to Jones's Station just to persuade you to keep a fortune?"

"Excuse me if I call it a fool's errand."

"Philanthropists are always called names. *Au revoir*."

Pearl waited at the office next day in a fever of expectation. What would this friend be like, whom she was about to deny herself, this friend whom she had once longed and now dreaded to see—persuasive, and difficult to resist, with soft dove eyes? Every step upon the stairs sent a quickened pulsation through her being; yet she was already absorbed in her reveries when the office door swung open and admitted a dark-browed woman. In an instant the color flamed and flickered in Pearl's cheeks, her eyes dilated, her hands trembled; but the dark-browed lady calmly wrote a message, and made way for the gentleman who had entered behind her—a somewhat short and thickly built man, with large gray eyes and curling blonde hair and mustache, whom Pearl instantly recognized as Squire Gable's nephew. Again the warm flush stained cheek and forehead. Had he come to upbraid her? Had he come to demand his own, to appeal to her sense of justice? What if Lucy Lorillard should meet him, then? Why not steal a march upon Lucy, and put it utterly beyond her power to be persuaded?—not that she doubted herself. Why not, before he could demand it or reproach her?

"Excuse me," she faltered, "if I take this time to speak to you about a matter that troubles me. You are Squire Gable's nephew. I merely wish to say, as I may not meet you elsewhere, that I do not mean to accept the fortune left me in his will. I shall restore it to the rightful owner as soon as the lawyers can arrange it."

"Your motives are commendable; but do not disquiet yourself," returned the squire's nephew. "Another and later will has been unearthed, which renders your somewhat Quixotic design unnecessary, as the bequests are now reversed: I have the fortune, and you the five hundred dollars. Pardon: but I have a message to write." Which he scratched hastily off, and gave to Pearl, who presently dropped in a heap into the nearest chair and burst into tears, at the discovery that Lucy Lorillard was a man!

The telegram read,

> "Let me persuade you to accept not only Squire Gable's money, but his graceless nephew,
> "Lucy Lorillard."

"It was perfectly inexcusable, I allow," Lorillard averred, later; "but what can a man do when a pretty girl wishes him a happy New-Year? I took pains to satisfy my eyes many a time and oft, and found she was more than fancy painted her. And as for the rest, I have my maternal grandfather, one John Lucy—peace to his ashes!—to thank for the legacy of his name, which I always despised till I found out that Pearl Silverly loved nobody so well as Lucy Lorillard."

And so, you see, Pearl was persuaded, after all.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Smithsonian Institution has lately undertaken an exploration which promises very important results in the interest of American archæology. It is well known that on some of the islands off the south coast of California there have been found some extremely interesting remains of prehistoric occupation on the part of the aboriginal tribes of the country, these consisting of stone implements in great variety, soap-stone bowls, bone and shell ornaments, etc., forming a valuable collection already obtained for the National Museum. With a view of exhausting the locality and securing whatever may still remain of interest, the services of Mr. Paul Schumacher, who had previously explored the region, have been secured by the Smithsonian Institution, and he left San Francisco early in May, with four laborers, for the scene of action. The Treasury Department kindly gave him transportation on the revenue steamer *Rush*, and the War Department supplied tents and camp equipage. It is expected that this investigation will occupy several months, and that the results will be almost as interesting in their relations to American archæology as those of Di Cesnola in Cyprus and of Schliemann in Troy to that of the Old World.

The special object of this investigation is the furnishing of material for the grand display to be made at the Centennial by the combined efforts of the Smithsonian Institution and the Indian Bureau.

The number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* for March, 1875, contains its usual annual report upon the population of the earth, made by Messrs. Behm and Wagner. The footing for the year 1874 is as follows:

Europe	302,973,000
Asia	798,907,000
Africa	206,007,000
America	84,392,000
Australia and Polynesia	4,563,000
Total	1,396,842,000

The seventh annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York, transmitted to the Legislature February 1, 1875, contains a great deal that is interesting and useful in connection with the measures for supplying the rivers and lakes of the United States with food fishes. A noteworthy feature of the report consists in the large number of embellishments it contains, such as the New York shad-hatching camp and the method of taking the spawn from the fish, plates representing the black bass, the salmon-trout, the brook trout, and the true salmon, showing the appearance of some of them at different ages. There is also a plate representing the typical shad hatching box as invented by Seth Green.

Under the head of "Shad Hatching" the Commissioners report the hatching and turning into the Hudson River in 1874 of over 5,000,000 young shad; and they announce that the yield of mature shad for the past year has been 100,000, showing a steady increase in the number from year to year. They state that larger hauls were made in the nets last season than have been known for many years, and that the fish have been every where more abundant, this being accompanied by a corresponding fall in price, the prevailing rates being one-third of those that had ruled previously. They think, however, that if they could procure a much larger number of spawning shad, they could accelerate the period when the price shall be as low as was ever known in the country, and they attribute their difficulties in procuring these to the great number of stake nets stretched across the river at many points from its mouth up to Albany, which thus impede the movements of the fish. They earnestly urge that a close time be established, of at least from Saturday night until Monday morning, during which no fish shall be taken, and the nets shall be raised, under a very severe penalty.

The shad-hatching season of 1874 commenced on the 18th of May and terminated on the 1st of July, making a period of about six weeks.

The Commissioners, after a careful consideration of the facts, are decidedly of the opinion that the experiment of introducing shad into the Great Lakes has been a success, and that there is every reason to believe that when deposited in the rivers the young will mature in the lakes and return to their starting-point.

The distribution of black bass, which has been going on for several years, has been continued during 1874, amounting in number to 365; of the Oswego bass, 533; while 1279 of other allied species have been sent out. These operations have already resulted in a greatly increased yield in the general fisheries of the State, so that lakes where nothing could be taken but a few years ago now furnish satisfactory fishing to many persons.

In regard to other fish, the Commissioners report the addition of 527,000 white-fish and 180,000 salmon-trout, with a large number of eggs sent to many parties who desire to make experiments upon them. The Commissioners speak in terms of approbation of the efforts now making on the part of the United States to introduce the California salmon into such waters as are not suited to the species of Maine, and cite several instances where the young have been taken after introduction into the streams of New York, showing surprising vigor and rapidity of growth.

The report contains some reference to the action taken by the Commissioners in regard to the propagation of the grayling, and they think that the addition of this species may be one of some practical importance, as it certainly is a matter of much interest. A considerable portion of the report is devoted to the consideration of the injurious effect of pound nets and other modes of trapping fish, and they strenuously urge the passage of laws to prohibit their use entirely, or at least to regulate their employment at certain seasons and in certain localities. They point particularly to the use of these nets in the great South Bay of Long Island, where, in their opinion, in consequence of the multiplication within the last few years, line fishing has been almost entirely destroyed.

In conclusion, the Commissioners state that, without relaxing their efforts in regard to other fish, they purpose now to devote more attention to hatching and distributing the brook trout. Their establishment at Caledonia has an almost unlimited capacity, and they think they will be able to supply trout spawn or young trout, in a certain number at least, to almost all applicants, and that in this way a great addition to the food resources of the State may be secured, while the popularity of the Commission will certainly be increased.

Professor Alexander Agassiz announces that the experience of the past two years has shown the impossibility of conducting the Anderson School upon the plan originally intended. The trustees find themselves at the end of the means at their disposal. To enable them to carry on the school it is proposed to charge a fee of fifty dollars for the season, and they hope that a sufficient number of pupils can be secured to warrant them in going on. Even with the proposed charges there will be a considerable deficit (as was the case last year) to be met by the friends of the Penikese School, the position of the island entailing expenses which a more favored locality would not necessitate. The trustees will reduce the price of board to the lowest possible terms. Application for admission, with statement of qualifications, should be sent at once to the director, Alexander Agassiz, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Preference will be given to teachers. The course of studies will be announced as soon as practicable.

The latest dates from Lieutenant Cameron, with the African exploring party, are to the 18th of May, 1874, at which time he had entered the Manyuema country at the southern border, and expected to be absent from Ujiji about twelve months.

An International Congress of Silk Culturists is to be held at Milan during 1876, and circulars have been distributed inviting a series of experiments to be made during 1875, and a report on the results. This has reference to various points connected with the keeping of silk-worms, the prevention of injurious diseases, particularly of their "inactivity," a disease which has produced great injury of late years.

A serious malady has lately attacked the lemon plant in various parts of the world, the result, as suggested, of the forced cultivation of the fruit. This is known as the "dry rot," and commences at the extremities of the plant or of the roots, and gradually spreads throughout the whole tree, drying up the sap in its course. It is suggested that by grafting cuts of the wild lemon plant on the orange-tree a new stock may be obtained, and the fruit cultivated upon trees which have not been subjected to a forced growth.

Dr. Krause has found that tobacco smoke contains a large quantity of carbonic oxide, and he attributes the injurious after-effects of smoking to this poisonous gas, some of which necessarily descends to the lungs, and produces more or less injury. According to Krause, the after-effects are more potent the more inexperienced the smoker, and he ascribes to the carbonic oxide the unpleasant results of the first attempts at smoking rather than to nicotine alone.

Among the noteworthy dead of the year we may mention Baron J. F. de Waldeck, who died in Paris on the 30th of April, at the age of one hundred and nine. Born in Prague, he devoted many years of his life to travels in Africa and America, during which he made use of his ready pencil in the delineation of the objects of nature and art that interested him. One of his most prominent labors was connected with the ancient cities of Chiapas and Yucatan, although the accuracy of his delineations has been very strongly called in question by Dr. Berendt and other succeeding travelers. One of his representations of certain carvings on an ancient temple in Yucatan clearly indicates the head and trunk of an elephant of some species; and there has been an attempt to show from this that the original artist must have been acquainted with some prehistoric American mastodon or true elephant. A careful examination of the original carving by a recent traveler, however, fails to bring out the peculiar features of this animal.

The annual report of the Supervising Surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service of the United States for the fiscal year 1874 has just been published by the Treasury Department, and constitutes a document equally interesting with its predecessor, and of which we gave an extended notice. Since the reorganization of this service under the direction of Dr. Woodworth its efficiency has been vastly increased, and now compares favorably with that of any branch of the like service in foreign countries. Among the results of this reorganization are a decrease in the number of days relief furnished, an increase in the number of seamen relieved, a reduction in the average rate of treatment, an increase in the hospital dues collected, a decrease in the average annual cost of each patient treated, and a decrease in the net cost to the government of each patient relieved.

Full statistics of the diseases treated, the number of days of illness, the places where the service was rendered, etc., are given, with all the appropriate details. As in the preceding volume, there are several interesting papers bearing upon the subject of marine hospital service; among others, one on "The Hygiene of the Forecastle;" one on "American Commerce and the Service;" "Unseaworthy Sailors;" "The Preventable Diseases on the Rivers and Great Lakes;" "The Yellow Fever Epidemics of 1873 and 1874."

Several graphic diagrams are presented exhibiting the relative prevalence of ague, remittent fever, rheumatism, erysipelas, consumption, etc., in each district, and the relative proportion of cases of these diseases in each month.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 6.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 13.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 20.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday, 27.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 29.—St. Peter.

JULY.

Sunday, 4.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 11.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 18.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 25.—St. James; Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

On the 16th of June the whole Catholic world is to be consecrated to "the Sacred Heart." The decree to this effect has been issued by Cardinal Patrizi, Prefect of the Congregation of Rites. On the 16th of June, 1675, according to Catholic tradition, Margaret Mary Alacoque, at Paray-le-Monial, beheld Christ, who displayed to her his heart, surmounted with a cross girt with a crown of thorns, and commanded her to propagate the devotion to the "Sacred Heart" throughout the world. Thus the entire Church is to be linked to one of the grossest superstitions known to modern history. Occupying such a position, it needs no prophet to foretell its fate.

The removal of the damnatory clauses from the Athanasian Creed has finally been ordered by the Irish Synod. The lay vote was overwhelming—171 in favor; the clerical vote was 64, three more than the necessary two-thirds; the episcopal vote was 8 to 4, just two-thirds. The debate was earnest, but good-tempered. An effort, it is said, will be made to restore the rejected sentences.

In the Reformed Episcopal Council the Articles of Religion reported by committee have been adopted with considerable amendment. It was decided to elect two more bishops, one for the South and one for the West. Dean Edward Cridge, of British Columbia, received 27 clerical and 33 lay votes, and was declared elected. James A. Latané, of Virginia, received 19 clerical and 32 lay votes, and was also declared elected.

The British branch of the Evangelical Alliance holds its next annual meeting in Belfast, October, 1875.

We are indebted to the Montreal *Witness* for a review of the public-school contest in the Province of New Brunswick which places it in the clearest light. The Common School Act was passed in 1871, and came into operation January, 1872. During the latter part of 1871 Bishops Sweeny and Rogers called meetings of Catholics to oppose the law, at which resolutions were passed denouncing it as "registered in hell." In association with the bishops of the other Provinces, they tried to induce the Governor-General to disallow it, but failed.

The bishops next undertook to induce the Dominion Parliament to set it aside. The Parliament complied so far as to refer its constitutionality to the law-officers of the British crown. This was done twice, and in each instance the Queen's legal advisers decided the New Brunswick law to be constitutional. Its constitutionality was then brought by Bishop Sweeny for decision before the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, and the decision (unanimous) was against him there. In July, 1874, an appeal was taken from this decision of the Supreme Court to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England. Here the constitutionality of the school law was again affirmed. Finally, the Lower House of the Dominion Parliament was induced last winter to address her Majesty to use her influence to procure separate schools for the Catholics of New Brunswick.

The law was tested at the election in New Brunswick in 1874, when out of forty-one representatives sent to the Dominion Parliament, the Catholic bishops obtained only five. Never has the Church fought a hotter battle in America, and never has it sustained a more humiliating defeat. The history is not without its lessons for the friends of common schools in the United States.

The "Peculiar People," who refuse to give medicine to the sick, but rely wholly upon prayer, have again been before the English magistrates. John Downs, a member of this sect, having lost a child, a surgeon who made a *post-mortem* examination deposed that death had resulted from the want of medical treatment. The case will be likely to go to a criminal court.

The English Liberation Society held its annual meeting in London May 6. The occasion was one of great enthusiasm. Just now the Liberationists are in the very best spirits, and think that they see the beginning of the end. Mr. Richard, M.P., one of the speakers, said that they had passed through both "the pooh-pooh and the bow-wow" stages. The income for the year was £12,888. On the same day the British and Foreign Bible Society held its anniversary. The total issues for the year were 2,619,427 copies of the Bible, Testament, and separate portions of either. The receipts were £222,191, expenditures £217,390. The annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society occurred May 3. The year has been most prosperous, the receipts having risen to £184,039. The Dean of Canterbury was one of the speakers, and acknowledged most gracefully the indebtedness of the Church of England to John Wesley and his followers. The Church Missionary Society held its annual meeting May 4. Its receipts have been £175,835. On May 5 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts held its 174th annual meeting. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided. The income for the year was £134,826, the largest sum received in one year. The society has in its service 503 ordained missionaries.

M. Veuillot, the truculent editor of the *Univers*, of Paris, has been brought to grief. A shopkeeper sued him for libel. The libel complained of was an article in M. Veuillot's paper advising Christian women not to patronize the complainant's shop, for the reason that it was opened on Sundays. The editor was mulcted in 4000 francs damages, and ordered to publish the sentence in five newspapers.

The relations of the Church to the state have been recently warmly discussed in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. In bringing forward an interpellation respecting the relations of the Church and the state, Signor Mancini charged the government with having adopted a conciliatory policy toward the Church. He followed this attack with a motion directing the ministry to defend the dignity of the nation and the rights of the state, and to bring in a bill regulating the tenure of ecclesiastical property on the basis of liberty for the lower ranks of the clergy and laity.

At a meeting of a majority of the Chamber it was determined to support the ecclesiastical policy of the ministry. The law which fixes the papal guarantees will, however, be adhered to strictly.

The Board of Trust of the Vanderbilt University held its annual meeting in Nashville, May 3, 4. The following important appointments were made to the chairs of instruction: Geology, Mineralogy, Zoology, and Botany, James M. Safford, Ph.D., Yale, and Alexander Winchell, LL.D.; Modern Languages and Literature, James A. Harrison, A.M., of the University of Virginia; English Literature and Historical Criticism, A. A. Lipscomb, D.D., LL.D., late Chancellor of the University of Georgia; Pastoral Theology and Homiletics, John C. Granbery, D.D.; Vocal Music, Professor R. M. M'Intosh.

Dr. C. E. Babb, the San Francisco correspondent of the *Herald and Presbyter*, reports that some persons in that city, calling themselves "Friends of Free Thought," held a convention, intended to rival the Rev. Mr. Hammond's. Not drawing as great a crowd as they had anticipated, they went on the street with a wagon, and displaying a banner, began to harangue the crowd. The roughs were not at all pleased with the "Free Thought Revival Meeting," as it was called, pelted the speakers, and finally drove them off.

The Emperor of Germany, as King of Prussia, has signed the "State Subsidy Withdrawal Bill." The bill to suppress the religious orders is on its passage through the Lower House of the Diet. An exception will be probably made in favor of the orders which devote themselves to the care of the sick; but even these will be liable to suppression by royal ordinance. A government bill for the administration of parochial church property is also before the Diet. It proposes to give the control of this property to a local board; the priest is *not* to be, *ex officio*, its chairman. The Second Synod of the Old Catholics was announced to be held, May 19 and the days following, at Bonn. It will occupy itself with the catechism, a Bible history, and a German ritual. The Pope has given himself the needless trouble of issuing a decree, dated March 31, annulling the election of Dr. Johannes Heycamp as Archbishop of Utrecht. The Jansenist bishops don't care a fig for papal vetoes or anathemas.

The bill before the English House of Commons for the prohibition in Ireland of the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sundays is virtually lost for this session. Mr. Gladstone spoke in its favor. Its failure has created great disappointment. It was one of the few measures on which all Irishmen were agreed. Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop Trench, the Presbyterian Assembly, the Synod of the Disestablished Church, had all advocated its passage.

In a recent letter from Italy published by William Howitt, the author of *Visits to Remarkable Places* and other popular works, he says that since he has been in Italy he has "seen Bibles snatched from the hands of colporteurs by priests, and trampled in the dirt. In the rural districts, even at this hour, the colporteurs are driven out by the priests, and the Bibles they have sold to the people are collected and burned," and yet the Pope charges the Italian reformers with impiety! Bible-burning has always been a favorite occupation of the Roman priests and inquisitors, and had they the power, it is plain that they would not be content even among us with excluding the Scriptures from the public schools: not a copy would be suffered to exist.

It is reported that the union of all the United Greeks in Russia (Roman Catholics who have heretofore had their own special rite) with the orthodox Church will shortly be consummated.

The Rev. A. N. Somerville, of the Scotch Free Church, who has been making a preaching tour through India at the request of missionaries stationed there, is seventy years of age. He is accompanied by his son. From February 13 to the 18th he was at Delhi, where he held sixteen meetings, some of the addresses being in English, and others, through an interpreter, in Hindustani. One of the sermons was delivered in the palace of the Kings of Oude, the preacher standing opposite the famous peacock throne.

The *Unita Cattolica* of Rome is very bitter against the Prince of Wales for accepting the Grand Mastership of the Freemasons of England. It says that English Protestantism and Freemasonry must stand or fall together.

The Southern Baptist Convention assembled in Charleston, South Carolina, May 6. The territory represented by it contains 1,216,000 Baptists, distributed thus: Alabama, 75,000; Arkansas, 44,900; District of Columbia, 8,150; Florida, 17,000; Georgia, 170,000; Kentucky, 147,000; Louisiana, 35,300; Maryland, 5,650; Mississippi, 88,300; Missouri, 88,600; North Carolina, 116,500; South Carolina, 94,000; Tennessee, 104,300; Texas, 54,000; Virginia, 146,600. Of the whole number 700,000 are white Baptists who co-operate with the Convention. A conspicuous feature of the proceedings was the attendance of leading Baptists from the Northern States. Dr. Lathrop, of Connecticut, presented to the Convention the salutations of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and was invited to sit as a corresponding member. The Home Mission Board reported its receipts for the year to be $23,255; the Foreign Mission Board reported $33,218. Ten corresponding messengers were chosen to attend the meeting of the Baptist Home Missionary Society in Philadelphia. A report declaring it to be the duty of Southern Baptists to labor for the religious instruction of the colored people was unanimously adopted. The report recognizes the importance of co-operation in this work with the Baptists of the North. The next session of the Convention will be held in Richmond.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The latest chromo story comes from Connecticut, where a Sunday-school teacher said to one of her pupils, "Johnny, why don't you invite your friend Billy to come to Sunday-school with you?" Johnny looked up with a grin full of intention, and equally full of teeth, and said, "I know yer, teacher. You want ter get Billy into the class so's you can get a chromo for a new scholar."

Matchless Maid—The kitchen girl out of lucifers.

"Do you want to kill the child?" exclaimed a gentleman, as he saw a boy tip a baby out of its carriage on to the walk. "No, not quite," replied the boy; "but if I can get him to bawl, mother will take care of him while I go and paddle in the ditch with Johnny Bracer."

A Bootless Enterprise—Going barefoot.

The motto which was inserted under the arms of William, Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown, was, *Non rapui sed recepi*, "I did not steal it, but I received it." This being shown to Dean Swift, he said, with a sarcastic smile, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."

The best legal Authority on Cremation—Coke.

Questions put to his sweetheart, at intervals of a quarter of an hour, by a bashful lad during their first *tête-à-tête*: "How's your father?" "How's your mother?" "How are your parents?" "How are your father and mother?" "How are they both?"

A certain French gentleman, having been but a very little while in England, was invited to a friend's house, when a large bowl of punch was made—a compound he had never seen before, and which did not at all agree with him; but having forgotten the name of it, he asked a person the next day, "What dey call dat liquor in England which is all de contradiction—where is de brandy to make it strong and de vater to make it small, de sugar to make it sweet and de lemons to make it sour?" "Punch," answered the other, "I suppose you mean." "Ay, ponch, begar!" cried monsieur. "It almost ponch my brain out last night."

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" inquired a lady visitor of Aunt Betsy. "Yes, I should think he was," replied Aunt Betsy, "as every body says he's the meanest man in town."

Theodore Hook was delighting a few friends one summer's eve at Fulham by an extempore comic song, when in the middle of it the servant entered with, "Please, Sir, here's Mr. Winter, the tax-gatherer; he says he has called for taxes." Hook would not be interrupted, but went on at the piano-forte, as if nothing had happened, with the following stanza:

"Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;
I'd advise you to pay him whatever he axes:
Excuses won't do, he stands no sort of flummery;
Though Winter his name is, his process is summary."

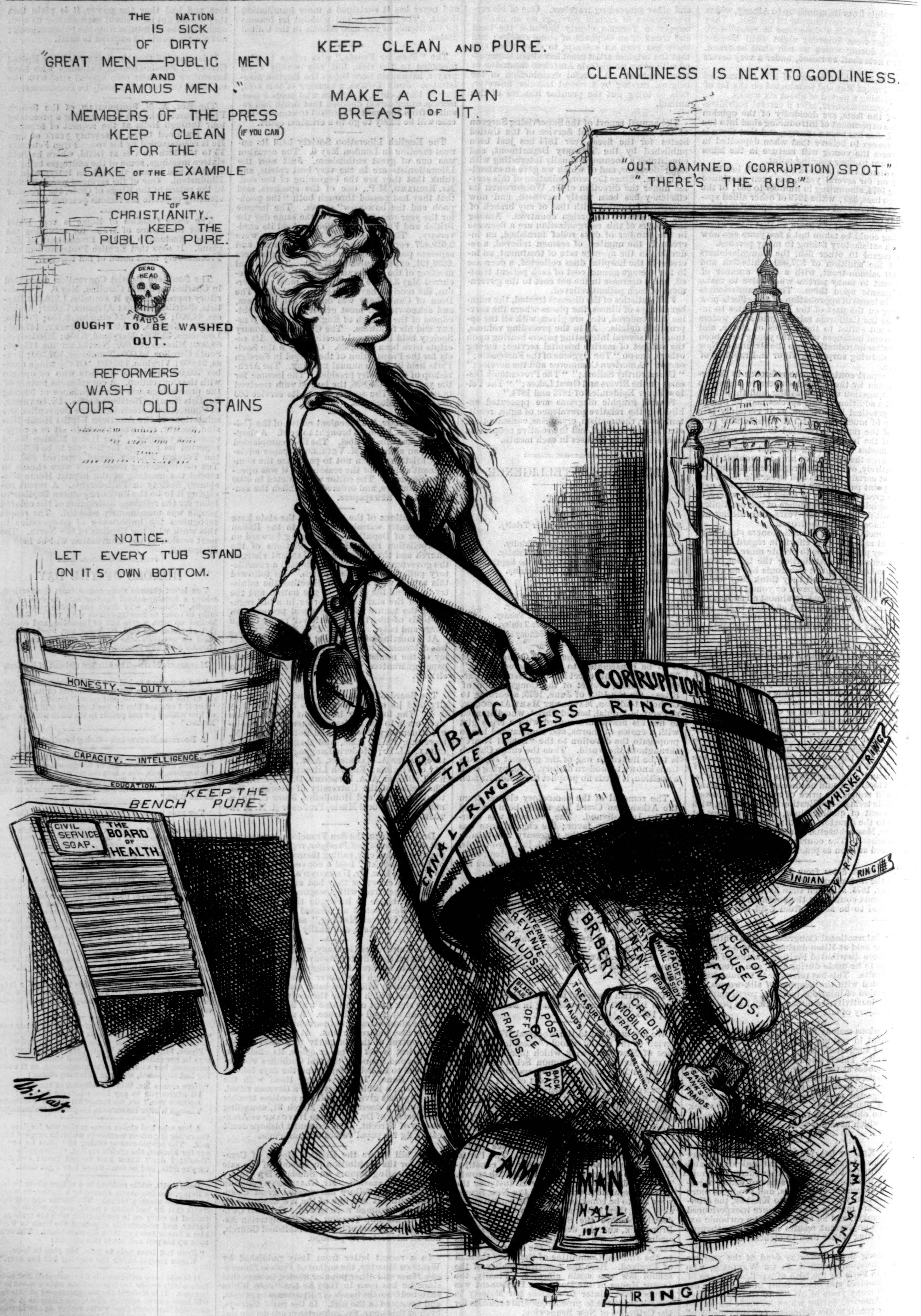
A boy who had stolen some apples was forgiven for the rather ingenious manner in which he excused himself. The school-master asking him what he had to say for himself, the urchin replied, "The apples were Tom's; I don't know how he got them; and now they're mine, and he don't know how I got them."

Dean Swift, while resident in a village where he had a living, was frequently shaved by a barber, to whom he became much attached. The barber one day told Swift that he had taken a public-house, which he intended to carry on in conjunction with his trade as a barber, and respectfully requested the dean to write him a line or two to put on his sign-board. The dean took up his pen and wrote this couplet:

"Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where naught excels the shaving but the beer."

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles.

"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did," said Jemmy; "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."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FRAUDS
OUGHT TO BE WASHED OUT.
REFORMERS WASH OUT YOUR OLD STAINS
NOTICE. LET EVERY TUB STAND ON IT'S OWN BOTTOM.
KEEP CLEAN AND PURE.
MAKE A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.
CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.
"OUT DAMNED (CORRUPTION) SPOT." "THERE'S THE RUB."
CLEAN LINEN
HONESTY.—DUTY.
CAPACITY.—INTELLIGENCE.
EDUCATION.
KEEP THE BENCH PURE.
CIVIL SERVICE SOAP.
THE BOARD OF HEALTH
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EMBEZZLING
BACK PAY
SAVINGS BANKS FRAUDS.
TAM MAN Y.
HALL 1872
TAMMANY
RING
Th. Nast.

THIS TUB HAS NO BOTTOM TO STAND ON.

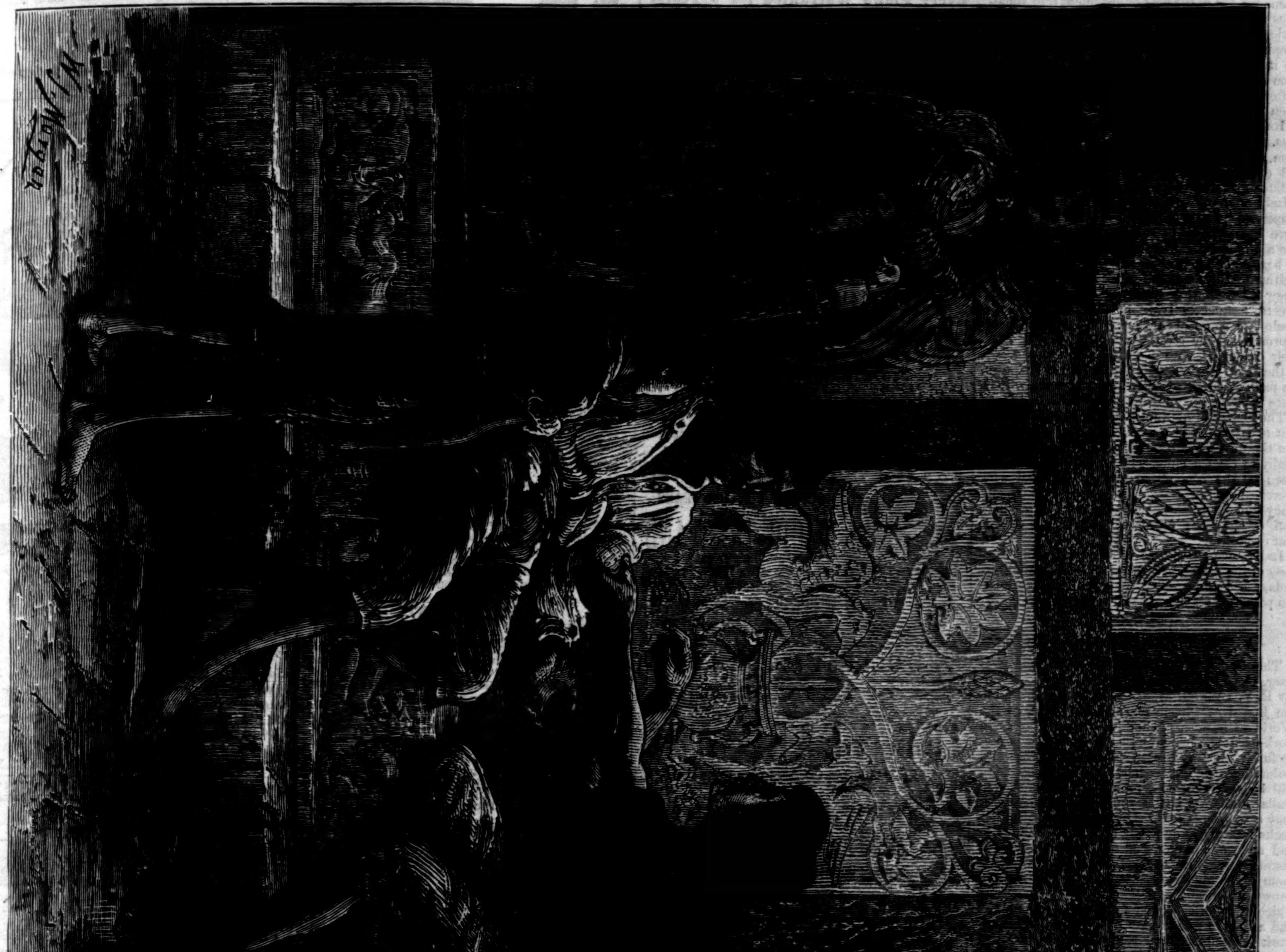
Justice (*chief washer-woman*). "The bottom fell out, and the rest came tumbling after."

VENETIAN LOAFERS.

The Venice of to-day bears little resemblance to that Venice of old, Bride of the Adriatic and Queen of the Sea, whose luxury and splendor made her the wonder and admiration of the world. **Ruskin** says of her: "The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust." Born of the sea, like Venus, the city of the waters once took her place as the first among all cities, rising, like the goddess, in marvelous beauty from the foam of the ocean to rule the world. But her power is gone, her splendor decayed, and now she owes her fame only to the memory of what she has been. The ancient virtue, valor, and hardihood which raised a colony of fishermen, "perched like sea-fowl" on a muddy shoal, to be a nation of the first rank has died out of the state. The languor and indifference characteristic of Southern Italy seem to have crept into the veins of her inhabitants. They are no longer daring mariners, powerful merchants and manufacturers, owing their prosperity to their courage and industry, but a people whose activity and energy are gone. Other nations have arisen and wrested the sceptre from Venice. In their progress they have passed her by, and her glory is departed.

Our illustration suggests an example of the decadence of Venice in showing one class of her population, the Venetian loafers, as they are seen sunning themselves on the streets, and bridges that cross the different canals. As they lounge about, smoking their cigarettes or eating their evening meal of bread and grapes or peaches, rubbing their tattered and picturesque rags against the marble carvings behind them, one might well pause to wonder if they can really be descendants of the men who raised those magnificent buildings, and carved those quaint yet vigorous bass-reliefs. Their ancestors once ruled the commerce of the world; their merchant fleets, numbering 3000 vessels, emptied the riches of the East into the lap of the West, and the markets of the world were supplied by the traders of Venice; they manned the oars that brought from Ptolemais the curious reliefs in porphyry that ornament their palaces, and laid the whole world under contribution to add to the luxury and magnificence of their wonderful city. Their descendants seem like people who have neither energy nor ambition, who do nothing, and to whom enterprise or activity would be impossible.

These loungers saunter listlessly about from between the columns of St. Mark's to the courtyard of the Doge's Palace in search of a comfortable seat or a shady place to sleep. When they penetrate too far into the garden that surrounds the habitation of the Doge, and show a disposition to fall asleep in such sacred precincts, they are gently stirred up by the Garde Civile, who varies the monotony of his occupation by



VENETIAN LOAFERS.

interfering with the slumbers that his business prevents him from sharing. A favorite resting-place is the Porta della Casta, on the south side of St. Mark's, where, after sunset, a group can generally be found. The evening air usually revives them sufficiently to enter into conversation, an exertion to which they seem to be unequal during the exhausting labors of the day. This is the only time at which they exhibit the slightest energy, but in the heat of argument they sometimes evince great excitement. Watching their gesticulations, it would seem as if their differences of opinion might any moment result in a fight, but it never does. If the orator can not convince his opponent by his eloquence, he lets the matter remain as it is. The loafers of Venice, taken in comparison with many of the paupers of Italy, are rather decent specimens of their class. There is an air of picturesqueness about them, and something humorous in their laziness and complete indifference to every thing that agitates ordinary people.

Italy is the only country in the world where pauperism seems really to be an institution. Here it flourishes to such an extent that it is like a profession. Whole families are supported by begging, and children are educated to it as a legitimate trade by which to win a livelihood. They take up their position on the principal streets, frequently lying at full length in the shadow of some old palace. When a stranger approaches, they steal cautiously forward, doff their caps, and, with a cringing sidewise droop of the head, put out their hands with an inimitable pantomime of entreaty. A response to their mute demand brings forth a musical *benedetto.*

The lazzaroni of Naples (a name derived from that of LAZARUS in the New Testament) were at one time an organized society. They used annually to elect a chief, who was formally recognized by the Neapolitan government, and who exercised an extraordinary power over them. They had no fixed habitations, regular occupation, or apparent means of subsistence except that of begging.

Italy, once the centre of civilization and mistress of the world, has become a land where brigandage and pauperism are recognized institutions, too powerful for her government to control.

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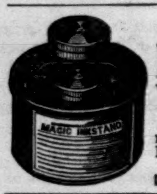

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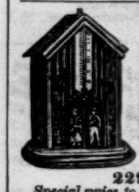

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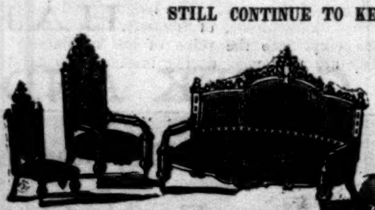

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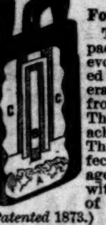

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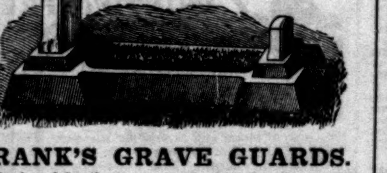

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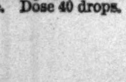

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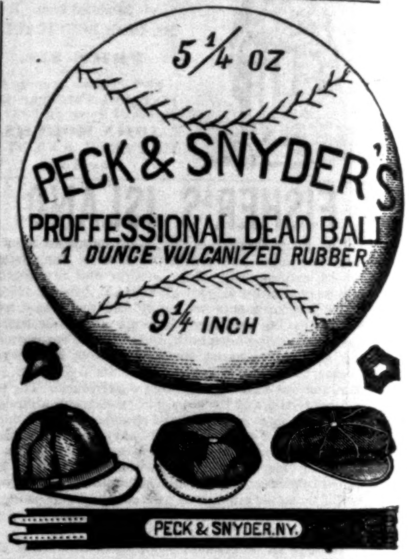

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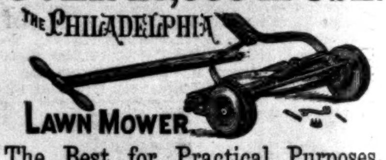

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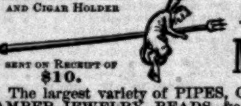

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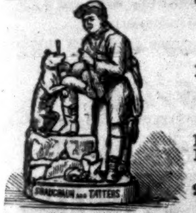

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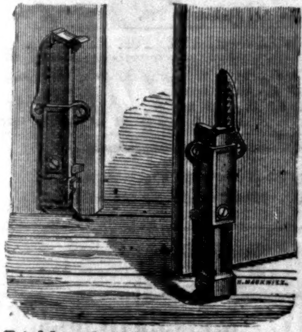

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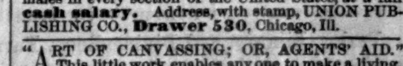

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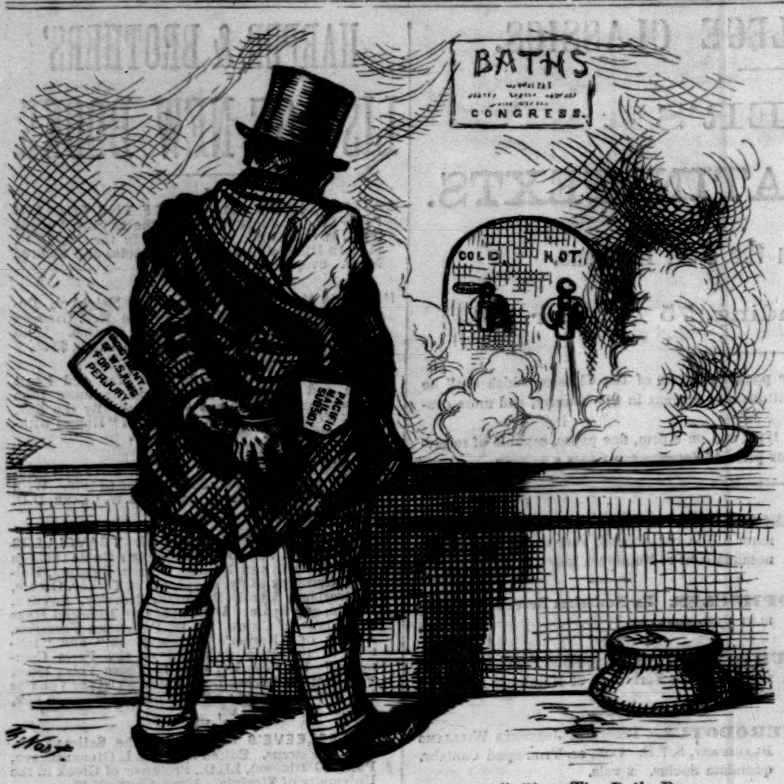

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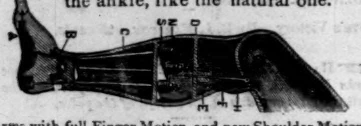

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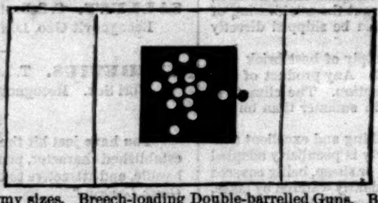

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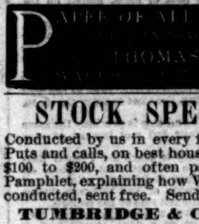

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MR. BEECHER'S TRIAL.

Whether we regard the nature of the issue, the character of the parties, the eminence of the counsel, or the dramatic incidents of the trial, the case of Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher must be regarded as one of the most remarkable in the history of jurisprudence. Its interminable length has been made the subject of many complaints; but no case so complicated was ever pushed to so speedy a trial. The charge of adultery was first preferred publicly against Henry Ward Beecher in the month of July, 1874. The complaint in the case was served in the following August. Issue was almost immediately joined, and trial was commenced in January, 1875, within less than four months after the leading counsel had been retained. The trial of the case has occupied a considerably longer time than was consumed in the previous preparation for it. It relates to transactions extending over a period of five or six years. Over 250 documents are made the subject of searching inquiry and analysis, and the proper interpretation of many of them requires no little amount of parol testimony. Over 100 distinct interviews are the subject of inquiry, and in respect to many of them the sworn testimony of the witnesses is in direct and irreconcilable conflict. The published testimony, printed in fine type, fills 3000 foolscap pages; the report of the proceedings will fill four or five large legal volumes. The legal questions involved are numerous, complicated, difficult, and, to the professional mind, interesting. Over 150 distinct rulings of the judge on points of law, during the progress of the plaintiff's case, were noted and digested by the defendant's counsel, and probably the number of questions raised and decided during the defendant's presentation of his case were quite as numerous.

Nor has any thing been wanting to lend dramatic interest to the trial itself. The counsel employed are among the most eminent at the American bar. On the one side Mr. Pryor, a man of large erudition and of a marvelously alert mind; Mr. Fullerton, deservedly famous as an adept in all the arts of cross-examination; Mr. Beach, a pungent and powerful speaker. On the other side, Mr. Tracy, a fervid and impassioned orator; Mr. Porter, who maintains in the advocacy of a case the calm and judicial habits of mind borrowed from his experience on the bench; Mr. Austin Abbott, pre-eminent at the New York bar for his legal learning, and known widely beyond it by his legal publications, and whose forecast and system have been conspicuous in the orderly presentation of the defendant's case; and Mr. Evarts, who to a reputation already established as an acute and learned lawyer has by his conduct of this case added that of a master in the entirely distinct art of advocacy before a jury. Every phase of character, too, needed for dramatic effect has been represented on the witness stand. Mr. Moulton, sharp, shrewd, calmly confident; Mr. Tilton, oratorical and fluent; Mrs. Moulton, quiet, timid, shrinking; Kate Carey, the discharged servant-girl, the very ideal of "the greatest plague in life;" Bessie Turner, pretty, keen-witted, plain-spoken, animated, and dramatic in her direct examination — in her cross-examination a match in repartee for the lawyers; Wilkeson, a curious combination of the newspaper and the railroad man, in exterior apparently a gentleman of the old school, in actual character a product of the very newest—the spirit of 1875 in the dress and mien of 1800; Mr. Claflin, in physical and mental characteristics a fine representative of a modern merchant prince; Mr. Redpath, who recited his story as one who had come out of a cloister, and brought with him the remembrance of an almost forgotten dream; Mr. Cowley, the Lowell lawyer—when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war; Mrs. Ovington, in the clearness, the frankness, and the simple-heartedness of her testimony an almost ideal witness; and last, but not least, Henry Ward Beecher himself, reciting his story with an imposing and dramatic eloquence that compelled alternately laughter and tears from the audience, and the natural though indecorous applause which the sternest efforts of the judge were unable entirely to suppress.

Day after day this court-room has been thronged to its utmost capacity, and its doors besieged by clamorous applicants unable to gain admittance. Day after day the room allotted to counsel and reporters, and even the judge's bench, have been invaded by clergymen, literary men, judges, lawyers, members of Congress, ex-Governors, some of them coming from as far North as Maine and as far South as Virginia, to look upon this extraordinary spectacle. The newspapers have flung the doors wide open to a larger audience, and day after day have surrendered whole pages of their issues to a verbatim report of the proceedings. These verbatim reports have required a corps of writers of from ten to twenty on each of the larger newspapers, and have required on each, in reporting alone, apart from the cost of printing and paper, an average expenditure of $100 a day.

None of the ordinary explanations of human conduct afford a key for the solution of the problem presented by this case. The crime of which Mr. Beecher is accused is, indeed, the unhappily too common one of seduction. But the accusation preferred against him is not that of falling, under a sudden impulse of passion, into a sudden and quickly repented of crime. He is charged with using the persuasive powers of his eloquence, strengthened by his religious influence, to alienate the affections and destroy the probity of a member of his church—a devout and theretofore pure-souled woman, and the wife of a long-loved friend. He is charged with continuing the guilty intercourse during the period of nearly a year and a half, of cloaking the crime to his own conscience and to hers under specious words of piety, of invoking first the Divine blessing on it, and then Divine guidance out of it. He is accused of resorting to the most unscrupulous measures, first to crush his accuser, the indignant and outraged husband, and then to secure his acquiescence and co-operation in concealing the crime from the public. And finally he is accused of adding reiterated and monstrous perjury to seduction, in order to escape the just consequences of his infamous conduct. If the accusation preferred against him is true, he is not merely weak and wicked, he is the basest of men. And this charge is preferred against one of the most eminent of Christian preachers; whom the bitterest enmity has never before charged with being guilty of falsehood or prevarication; one whose chiefest fault has hitherto been thought to be his culpable outspokenness. On the other hand, this charge is preferred by two men whose characters and station forbid us to classify them with ordinary conspirators and black-mailers. If the case is one of conspiracy, it is a conspiracy which has no parallel in the annals of the past. Black-mail is levied ordinarily by irresponsible and anonymous blackguards. The accusers in this case are persons of public reputation and honorable station in life. Mr. Tilton is known to the public as a brilliant though erratic editor, a respectable poet, a popular lecturer, and an effective stump-orator; Mr. Moulton as an active business man, and a member of one of the largest and best-known firms in their peculiar department in the city of New York; Mrs. Moulton as a lady to whose purity, and truthfulness prior to the events connected with this trial, both the defendant and his counsel bear willing testimony; and Mr. Tilton, Mr. Moulton, and Mrs. Moulton all swear to confessions by Mr. Beecher in absolutely unmistakable language.

Thus both parties to the suit are really on trial: Mr. Beecher for seduction of an extraordinary and unparalleled character, and Messrs. Tilton and Moulton for defamation, conspiracy, and black-mail of a character no less extraordinary and unparalleled. The issue thus joined is one that will not and can not be determined by the twelve men whom lot has chosen to hear the evidence and decide the formal question. The larger jury is the public, as the real issue is the character of America's greatest preacher.

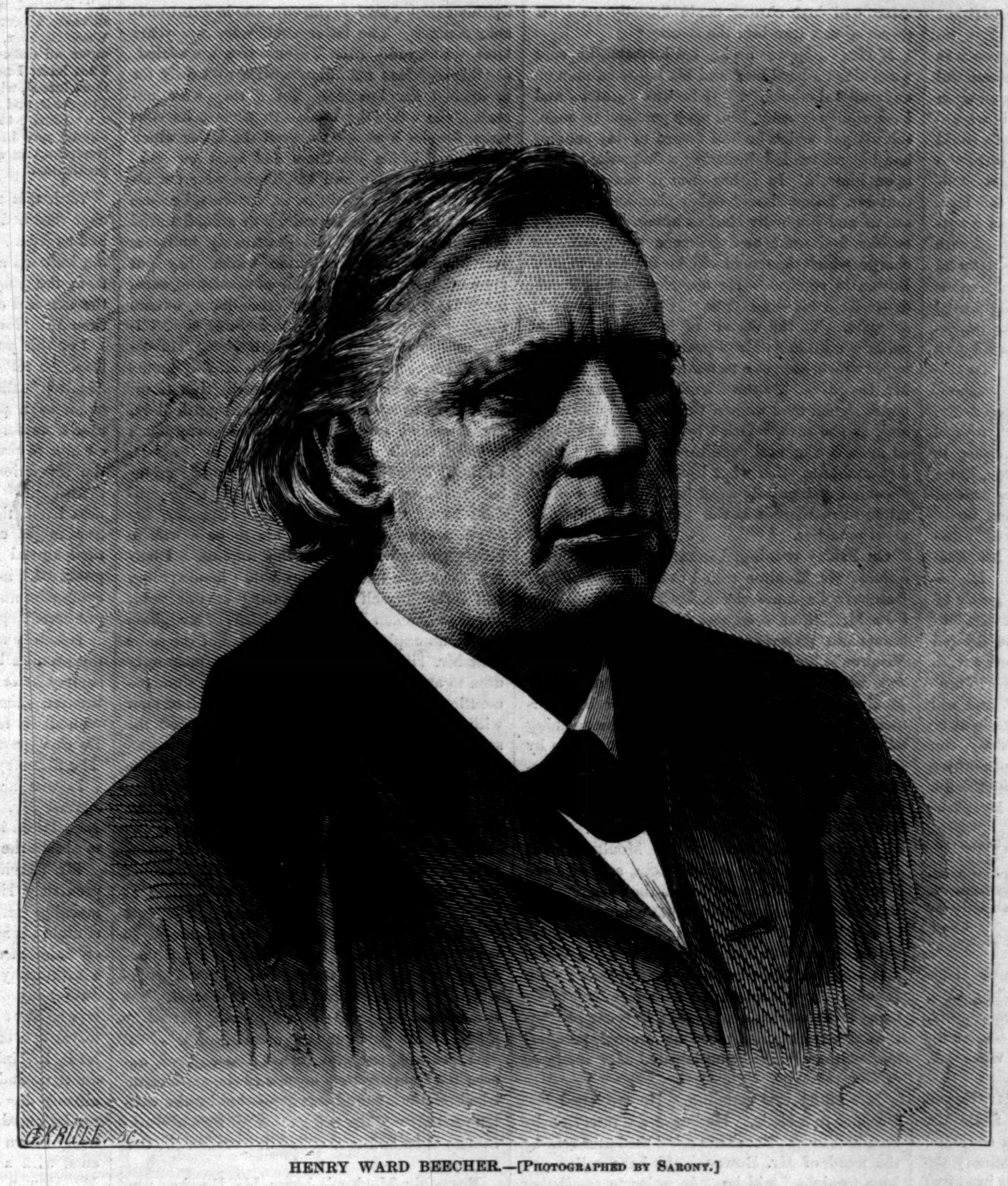
A very brief and rapid résumé will suffice to lay before the reader so much of the preliminary history as is necessary to a correct understanding of the critical events of December, 1870, and January, 1871; and on these events the decision of this case turns.

In 1851 Mr. Beecher was already growing into his later popularity as the great preacher of Brooklyn. Mr. Tilton, a young man then of sixteen years, of an engaging manner, a comely appearance, a quick wit, and a quick pencil—for he was a successful stenographer—came into Plymouth Church to take down the sermons of the preacher, and inaugurate the system, now so extensive, of newspaper publication of popular sermons. Mr. H. C. Bowen, almost the leading financier of Plymouth Church, one of its founders, then a proprietor, later the sole proprietor, of the New York *Independent*, saw the budding promise of future power in the young reporter, and gave him a subordinate post on the paper. Mr. Beecher was drawn to the young man from the first, and the intimacy grew apace. Mr. Tilton developed as a writer and as a speaker. The antislavery issue, growing in importance, enlisted his sympathies, and gave ample field for his rhetorical efforts. His abilities secured him rapid advancement. In 1861, when Mr. Beecher became editor-in-chief of the *Independent*, it was upon condition that Mr. Tilton should be his assistant; and in 1864, when Mr. Beecher, to whom the office duties of editorship have always been irksome, withdrew from his position, Mr. Tilton succeeded him as editor-in-chief. He was then twenty-nine years of age, and at the helm of a very conspicuous religious weekly newspaper. The intimacy between these two friends had reached its climax; thereafter divergent occupations led them in diverging paths. The civil war closed. In respect to the policy and principles of reconstruction the preacher and editor were not in accord. The *Independent* ceased the publication of Mr. Beecher's sermons, and criticised sharply his public utterances, and, in consequence, he severed his connection with that paper; thus divergence in life was followed by separation in sentiments and sympathies. In January, 1870, Mr. Beecher became editor-in-chief of the *Church Union*, now the *Christian Union*. In twelve months thereafter its circulation increased from 3000 to 30,000; meanwhile the circulation of the *Independent* decreased. These facts did not tend to conciliate either the editor or the proprietor of the latter journal. It is true that some business difficulties between Mr. Beecher and Mr. Bowen, growing out of their separation, were patched up, and peace was declared between them; but they did but agree to cry peace! peace! when there was no peace. Mr. Tilton proved to be more brilliant as a newspaper writer than sagacious as a newspaper leader. His utterances on religious questions were distasteful to the orthodox Churches; and the orthodox Churches were the constituency to which in the past the New York *Independent* had appealed. His utterances on the subject of marriage and divorce, though perhaps no more radical than those of John Milton, whom he quoted in support of them, were identified in the public mind with American theories of socialism and free love. The religious heresy might have been tolerated; the social heresy was far more obnoxious; and Mr. Bowen was forced to the conclusion (to which he apparently came with reluctance) that a change of editorial control was indispensable to the future success of his journal. Meanwhile Mr. Tilton's domestic life was neither peaceful nor pleasant. The change which had taken place in his religious views was an occasion of great anxiety and pain to his wife, and his mode of expressing them would have given pain and anxiety to a woman less tender, devout, and sensitive than Mrs. Tilton. She was anxious to know her duty with reference to the religious education of her children, and consulted her pastor. He advised patience. There were money difficulties. Mr. Tilton had a good income, but he was a free spender. "I was always buying," he says, "costly things to beautify my house—pictures, books, furniture, and other luxurious frivolities which rich men can indulge in, and men who are not rich can not." The consequence was that there was not always money to buy coal for the fire nor dresses for the children, and Mrs. Tilton was lectured, according to the mood of her husband, for parsimony to-day and for extravagance to-morrow. Stories were rife that Mr. Tilton more than once carried out in practice the views respecting social freedom which he advocated in public. If any reliance can be placed upon his letters, he was not wholly faultless in this regard. The separation between husband and wife was a growing one. An eccentric mother-in-law, with an unhappy temper and a fierce tongue, did nothing to mend matters; Mr. Tilton's eccentricities aggravated them. He had sleepless nights, and amused himself by going about the house in his night-clothes re-hanging the pictures on the walls, or going from bed to bed, driving out the previous occupants, until he could find a couch to his liking. He began to look down upon his wife as a woman excellent in her way, but intellectually below him, and on more than one public occasion noticeably slighted her. That he was violent in his language in the home circle seems to be indisputable; that he was violent also in action is solemnly sworn to. His wife was a sensitive, shrinking, and somewhat morbid woman, who idolatrously loved and revered her husband, accepted meekly his estimate of her abilities, and had not the strength to resist, nor the tact and skill to lead him. But, as in many another home circle, nothing of this transpired before the public. Outwardly there was a busy man, a loving wife, a peaceful home; only to the inmates of the home were these secret unhappinesses known. Their chief revealer is the young lady known as Miss Bessie Turner, a kind of adopted daughter of the Tiltons.

So when, in December, 1870, Miss Bessie Turner came to Mr. Beecher with the statement that the idolizing wife had left the idol, and with the request that he would come and confer with her at her mother's, though as pastor he had known something of the growing estrangement, he was greatly surprised; and when he came to hear her account of the reason, his surprise was deepened into a wondering indignation. Miss Bessie Turner assured him that Mrs. Tilton was worn out with ill treatment, which she had borne with patience until patience had ceased to be a virtue; she declared that she herself had suffered the insults of the husband, and the occasions were narrated with some particularity. Her account was confirmed by the statements of Mrs. Morse and by the acquiescing silence rather than the accusing words of Mrs. Tilton. Mr. Beecher hesitated what advice to give; consulted with one of the deacons of the church and with his wife; called with her on the following day; and, acquiescing in their judgment, finally counseled a permanent separation. The estrangement between Mr. Tilton and his former pastor was now complete. Mr. Beecher had done that which it is always dangerous, even if necessary, to do—he had interfered in a domestic quarrel; and he had counseled a separation which, if it were consummated, must inevitably add to those public criticisms from which Mr. Tilton was already suffering.

Mr. Tilton instantly took his resolution — a twofold one: first, to recover his wife; second (we quote his own language), "to strike Mr. Beecher to the heart."

Mrs. Tilton in her flight had taken with her



HENRY WARD BEECHER.—[Photographed by Sarony.]

her infant child. Mr. Tilton sent the nurse to the mother-in-law's for the babe, and brought it to his home. Mrs. Tilton was absent at the time; returning to her mother's, she found the child gone, and, mother-like, followed it. Mr. Tilton's first object was accomplished. The brief separation was for the time ended.

The arrow which was to strike Mr. Beecher to the heart was next to be fashioned. This was done at an interview between Mr. Bowen and Mr. Tilton on the 26th of December, within, therefore, less than a fortnight after the brief separation between Mr. Tilton and his wife. Of this interview Mr. Tilton furnishes us the sole report. Mr. Bowen has preserved a singular, if not a suspicious, silence, and his tardy utterance has little effect either to confirm or counteract Mr. Tilton's testimony.[*]

Mr. Tilton had at the time of this interview already retired from the editorship of the New York *Independent;* but new contracts had been made, by which he continued as a special contributor to the *Independent;* he also remained the editor-in-chief of the Brooklyn *Union*, a political daily paper, of which Mr. Bowen was proprietor. These contracts, however, Mr. Bowen could close at any moment on paying a certain specified forfeit. If Mr. Tilton's position was somewhat impaired, his income was somewhat enhanced by this new arrangement. But, no sooner had it been made, than Mr. Bowen was overwhelmed with stories prejudicial to the moral character of his former editor. They came upon him like an avalanche. He began to doubt whether a man so obnoxious to public criticism could either be identified with the one paper or be the editor of the other. A common friend, Mr. Oliver Johnson, admonished Mr. Tilton of this fact. The latter requested an interview; it was granted. Mr. Tilton demanded to be confronted with his accusers, and the vehemence of his demand seems for the time to have silenced the objections of his employer. The conversation easily passed to other topics—to Mr. Beecher—to the importance of frequent notices of Plymouth Church and its pastor, in the Brooklyn *Union*. To this Mr. Tilton demurred, and in a few words explained the ground of his objection; he charged Mr. Beecher with "dishonorable behavior" toward his wife. He found, perhaps to his surprise, in Mr. Bowen not a defender of the pastor, but a ready and a believing hearer of the accusation. An old and long-suppressed wrath burst forth. Mr. Bowen arose from his chair, talked vehemently, gestured angrily, and said that Mr. Beecher must be made to quit the pulpit. He asseverated that Mr. Beecher had been guilty of adulteries for many years; he brought Mr. Tilton pen and paper, and challenged the injured husband to demand that Mr. Beecher retire from the pulpit and the *Christian Union*. "I will bear the letter to him," said Mr. Bowen, "and will sustain the demand with proofs. There will be no resistance; Mr. Beecher will not deny, can not deny, dare not deny." Mr. Tilton, nothing loath, complied. He took the pen, wrote the following letter, and gave it, unsealed, to Mr. Bowen for delivery:

"*December* 26, 1870, BROOKLYN.

"*Henry Ward Beecher:*

"SIR,—I demand that, for reasons which you explicitly understand, you immediately cease from the ministry of Plymouth Church, and that you quit the city of Brooklyn as a residence.

[Signed,] "THEODORE TILTON."

Mr. Tilton has not left us in ignorance of his purpose in this letter. "My object," he says, "was to strike him right to the heart. Mr. Bowen said that he could drive him out of his pulpit in twelve hours. I believed what Mr. Bowen said."

On the afternoon of the same day Mr. Bowen delivered to Mr. Beecher the note from Mr. Tilton. He professed not to know its contents. When Mr. Beecher read the extraordinary demand his comment was, "This is sheer insanity; this man is crazy." He handed the opened letter to Mr. Bowen. The latter proceeded, almost at once, to make his pastor the confidant of his own troubles. He rehearsed the scandals respecting Mr. Tilton, of which he had been made an unwilling auditor. Mr. Beecher was prepared to believe them true. He told Mr. Bowen so; told him of the separation between Mr. and Mrs. Tilton; told him something of the insults offered to Bessie Turner, and by Bessie Turner reported to himself; and counseled him that a man so tainted could not properly be retained upon a religious paper such as the *Independent;* that a man so headstrong and impracticable could not be safely made the editor of a Republican organ such as the Brooklyn *Union*. And Mr. Bowen, who, if we believe Mr. Tilton, promised to drive Mr. Beecher from the pulpit in twelve hours, if we believe Mr. Beecher, ended this interview by promising to stand by the slandered pastor as a faithful friend.[†]

The arrow which was to strike Mr. Beecher to the heart had produced no wound. He was to be driven from the pulpit in twelve hours, but on the Sunday following he was there as strong and joyous as if nothing had happened.

Evidently Mr. Tilton must prepare a second arrow, or stand confessed as a defamer of his former friend and pastor. He took counsel with an old school-fellow, Mr. Francis D. Moulton, a sagacious business man, one versed in all the manipulations of trade and of commercial politics, and as a result resolved to demand a personal interview with Mr. Beecher, and informed Mr. Bowen of that purpose. To his astonishment, Mr. Bowen had changed his mind. He did not produce the promised proof against Mr. Beecher. On the contrary, he threatened Mr. Tilton with instant dismissal if Mr. Beecher were informed of the reports which he had solemnly promised to maintain to Mr. Beecher's face. He did not even wait until the dreaded information should be given. "Hardly had your violent words ceased ringing in my ears," says Mr. Tilton to Mr. Bowen, in his letter of January 1, 1871, "when I received your summary notice breaking my contract with the *Independent* and the Brooklyn *Union*." Thus by a stroke of his pen Mr. Bowen had deprived Mr. Tilton of his ample income, and had almost made literally good his threat to cast him into the streets.[*]

If Mr. Tilton was an injured husband, his case was indeed a hard one, and his injurer a man of unparalleled audacity. If he was a jealous and unscrupulous enemy, bent upon personal revenge, the weapon which he had forged to slay another had but rebounded, inflicting a desperate wound upon himself. In either case it was necessary that Mr. Tilton should either abandon his accusation and impliedly confess himself a defamer, or else find some new evidence to sustain the charge which he could no longer look to Mr. Bowen to confirm. He obtained this new evidence from his wife. She was lying seriously ill at home. To the friends of Mr. Tilton her peculiar condition will lend peculiar sanction to the paper which she gave to her husband implicating Mr. Beecher. To the friends of Mr. Beecher a paper signed by a woman weakened by sickness, and, as she says, wearied by importunity—signed in such a mental condition that she is to this day unable to state what it contained—has ever appeared a singularly weak basis for a charge of crime so monstrous as that preferred against the great preacher.

On Friday evening, December 30, at about 7 o'clock, Mr. Moulton called at the house of Mr. Beecher; he came charged with a commission from Mr. Tilton to request from Mr. Beecher an immediate interview with Mr. Tilton at Mr. Moulton's house. Mr. Beecher demurred; it was the evening of his prayer-meeting; but Mr. Moulton's peremptory manner, enforced by his own natural anxiety to comprehend the meaning of the note which Mr. Tilton had sent to him by the hand of Mr. Bowen, was sufficient to overrule his objections. He sent to one of his deacons to conduct the meeting, and accompanied Mr. Moulton to the place of interview. They entered the house together. Mr. Moulton closed and locked the door behind them, and directed Mr. Beecher to the room above the parlor. Mr. Beecher requested Mr. Moulton's companionship. It was declined. He ascended the stairs alone. Of the interview which followed there are, therefore, no witnesses except the parties in the case. In one or two important particulars their testimony is diametrically opposed; in other respects the differences in their accounts are not, perhaps, greater than might be anticipated after the lapse of four years.[†]

Mr. Tilton was standing. He motioned Mr. Beecher to a chair. He began the interview by recalling to Mr. Beecher's mind the letter sent by the hand of Mr. Bowen. "I have called you here to-night," said he, "in order to recall that letter. You may consider it unwritten, unsent, blotted out, no longer in existence. I recall it for Elizabeth's sake; it is in her behalf that I hold this interview. Whatever I say here is not for your sake nor for my sake, but for her sake." He then proceeded to state to Mr. Beecher his grievances. He accused him of participating in Mr. Bowen's unjust conduct, and furthering his unjust designs, of receiving, repeating, and by his influence strengthening injurious stories against himself. He proceeded to speak of his own domestic relations, and to accuse Mr. Beecher of coming between himself and his wife, of disturbing the serenity of the household, and of alienating from himself his wife's affections. He then drew from his pocket an envelope, on which was written a memorandum in the mystical characters of a short-hand reporter; he declared that he held in his hand a copy of a written statement made by his wife; that statement he read; as he did so, he tore the envelope into fragments and scattered them on the floor; he declared that there should never be a line nor a letter left to impeach the honor of his wife; and Mr. Beecher's only response was, "Theodore, this is a dream; she never could have made in writing a statement so untrue." Mr. Tilton's answer seemed to evidence his sincerity. "It is but a few squares to my house," said he: "go and ask Mrs. Tilton for yourself whether or not she wrote the letter."

What were the contents of this letter? On that essential question the two are in irreconcilable conflict. The letter itself was, two years later, destroyed. Mrs. Tilton's lips are sealed, for the law does not allow a wife to testify for or against her husband; but if they were unsealed, she would be unable to declare its contents, for she is unable to recall the letter which she signed in her weakness and upon her sick-bed. Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton were not allowed to testify directly to its contents, because it was held to be in the nature of a confidential communication; but their testimony indicates very clearly the construction which they put upon it; they construe it as a confession of adultery. Mr. Beecher, on the other hand, swears that it purported to be a statement of Mrs. Tilton to her husband that Mr. Beecher had solicited her to become his wife, to all the intents and purposes which are signified by that term. In this, as in some other important particulars, Mr. Beecher's sworn testimony *now* corresponds to Mr. Tilton's unsworn testimony *in the past*. In the "True Story," which he wrote in December, 1872, he transcribes this written memorandum thus: "'Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, my friend and pastor, solicited me to be a wife to him, together with all that this implies.' I borrow the above fact from my wife's handwriting, and forbid myself from pausing at this point either to blacken it with an epithet, or to lighten it with an explanation." In the fall of the same year Mr. Tilton read from a written memorandum to an old-time personal friend the same accusation in the same words. In an interview with Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, he reported the same language. And he repeatedly and earnestly asseverated to many inquirers the absolute purity and innocence of his wife.

Whatever the accusation preferred against Mr. Beecher in that document may have been, it was sufficient to alarm the stoutest, and to render anxious the most innocent. If Mr. Beecher were guilty, he may well have been startled at this sudden disclosure of his guilt. If he were innocent, a charge so serious and seemingly so well sustained might well suffice to fill the accused with visions of a public scandal, a disrupted church, a blurred and blotted reputation. For it must not be forgotten that it was preferred by a well-known public man, a member of Mr. Beecher's church, one who at that time enjoyed, except in a comparatively narrow circle, an unblemished reputation, and was supported by the written testimony of the wife, whose purity and truthfulness none had ever called in question till that moment.

From Mr. Moulton's house Mr. Beecher proceeded through the driving storm to Mr. Tilton's. Mr. Moulton accompanied him unasked; there was little conversation on the way; the door was opened by the housekeeper, who directed Mr. Beecher to Mrs. Tilton's room; she seemed to have been expecting him, for she made no inquiry respecting the purpose of his visit, nor did she wait for him to state it. The interview which followed we can not describe more briefly or more graphically than in Mr. Beecher's words, and he is the only witness who has been permitted to testify to it.

"There are two front-rooms in Mr. Tilton's house. Mrs. Tilton was in the one where the bed was placed, and which was nearest the stairs. I went in from the door of the hall, and came almost immediately to the bed, instead of going around through the other room. Mrs. Tilton was dressed in pure white, and her face was as white as her dress; she reclined on pillows, with her hands folded on her breast. I drew a chair and sat down by her bedside. I said, 'Elizabeth, I have just seen your husband. He has charged me with alienating your affections. He has charged me that I have corrupted your simplicity and your truthfulness. He has also charged me with attempting improprieties. Are these things so, Elizabeth?' There was the faintest quiver, and tears trickled down her cheek, but no answer. 'He says that you have charged me, Elizabeth, with making improper advances. Have you stated all these things and made these charges?' She said, 'My friend, I could not help it.' 'Why could not you help it, Elizabeth? You know that these things are not true.' 'Oh, Mr. Beecher,' said she, 'I was wearied out. I have become wearied with his importunities. He made me think that if I would confess love to you, it would help him to confess to me his alien affections.' 'But,' said I, 'Elizabeth, this is a charge of attempting improper things. You know that that is not true.' 'Yes, it is not true,' she said; 'but what can I do?' 'Do! You can take it back again.' She hesitated, and I did not understand her hesitation. 'Why can you not take it back? It is not true.' She said something to the effect that she would be willing to do it if it could be done without injury to her husband, which I did not at all understand. 'But,' said I, 'you ought to give me a written retraction of that written charge.' She said she was willing to do any thing if I would not use it against her husband. She then wrote this retraction:

"'*December* 30, 1870.

"'Wearied with importunities and weakened by sickness, I gave a letter inculpating my friend Henry Ward Beecher, under assurances that that would remove all difficulties between me and my husband. That letter I now revoke. I was persuaded to it, almost forced, when I was in a weakened state of mind. I regret it, and recall its statements. E. R. T.

"'I desire to say expressly Mr. Beecher has never offered any improper solicitations, but has always treated me in a manner becoming a Christian and a gentleman. ELIZABETH R. TILTON.'"

With this retraction in his pocket, Mr. Beecher returned to his home. The second arrow had smitten Mr. Beecher to the heart, but it had not inflicted a mortal wound; he was not driven from the pulpit. It was necessary to abandon the attempt or to fashion another arrow. This time Mr. Moulton undertook the task.

For this purpose it was necessary, first, to get back the retraction. On Saturday evening Mr. Moulton called at Mr. Beecher's house. He came as a peace-maker. He brought a third note from the distracted wife. In it she requested him to procure both the original charge and the retraction, bring both to her, and destroy them both. Mr. Beecher demurred. The witness lived, though the charge were destroyed. She might easily reproduce it. Mr. Moulton then agreed to preserve both documents. "I promised," he testifies, "that I would keep both confession and retraction. They should both be preserved together or both destroyed together." It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the promise has not been kept. The confession some year or two later was destroyed. The retraction remained to create a suspicion which, without its fellow, it is powerless to allay. Mr. Beecher gave the retraction to Mr. Moulton. The first step was accomplished.

It was also necessary to procure a witness against Mr. Beecher. Mr. Bowen had failed; Mrs. Tilton had failed. Mr. Moulton undertook to obtain the testimony of Mr. Beecher himself.

Mr. Beecher's method of pulpit preparation is peculiar. He prepares his notes for his Sabbath morning sermon on Sabbath morning before church, his notes for his Sabbath evening sermon on Sabbath evening before church. He spends his Saturday in rest. He lives in a white heat on Sunday. For Mr. Moulton's purpose no day was so apt as Sunday, no time so apt as the interval between the services. Charity is credulous; it thinketh no evil. Mr. Moulton, calling on the Sunday after the events which we have already described, found Mr. Beecher in a penitential mood, in a credulous mood. He had already begun to reproach himself with having listened with a ready ear to the tales brought by Mr. Bowen concerning Theodore Tilton. He had begun to reproach himself with having unconsciously suffered the wife to look upon her pastor with a reverence which she could no longer pay her husband. He had begun to chide himself with aiding to bring ruin, pecuniary and domestic, upon one whom he had loved as an adopted son. Mr. Moulton added poignancy to his grief. He assured Mr. Beecher that the stories told respecting Mr. Tilton were absolutely false; he had been an intimate friend of Mr. Tilton from boyhood; of his own knowledge he knew Mr. Tilton to be a pure, a chaste, an honorable husband; he offered explanations of Bessie Turner's reports of insults proffered to herself; she had caught from Mrs. Morse an unjust interpretation of actions which might have been impulsive and imprudent, but were not guilty in intent; he declared that Mr. Bowen had played the traitor, first to Mr. Beecher, then to Mr. Tilton, had aimed to destroy both, and by securing the co-operation of Mr. Beecher had succeeded in destroying one; he asseverated that Mr. Beecher's presence in Mr. Tilton's household had brought discord into it, that Mrs. Tilton had transferred her affections from her husband to her pastor. "There is no doubt," said he, "that Elizabeth Tilton loves your little finger more than she loves

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[*] In his testimony he says nothing about this interview with Mr. Tilton.

[†] We have followed substantially Mr. Beecher's account of this interview. Mr. Bowen gives a very different account. He testifies that he did know the contents of the letter, and that Mr. Beecher neither told him of Bessie Turner's statements nor counseled Mr. Tilton's dismission. But he testifies that Mr. Beecher reported stories injurious to Mr. Tilton, and referred him to Mrs. Beecher for further information; and that, at the time of delivering the note to Mr. Beecher, he declared himself Mr. Beecher's friend.

[*] Whether this event took place, as Mr. Tilton's letter of January 1 implies, immediately after Mr. Bowen's interview with Mr. Tilton, or, as Mr. Tilton in his later testimony swears, and as Mr. Bowen now testifies, not until Saturday, the 31st of December, is not very important.

[†] We give the account from a careful comparison of the testimony of the two, Mr. Tilton in his direct, and Mr. Beecher in his cross-examination, both indicating that the accusation which Mr. Tilton preferred, whatever it was, was read from and founded on a written statement of Mrs. Tilton's. The only important questions in respect to which there is a material discrepancy are whether Mr. Beecher denied the charge presented, and whether he first asked permission to go and see Mrs. Tilton, or whether Mr. Tilton, on Mr. Beecher's expression of surprise, voluntarily bade him go. In this last, as in some other important respects, Mr. Tilton's "True Story," written by himself in December, 1872, confirms Mr. Beecher's account; so also does his cross-examination.

Mr. Tilton's whole body." Mr. Beecher accepted all without a question, and looked upon it all with unfeigned horror.

"I told him," says Mr. Beecher, "that if there was any thing in this earth that I abhorred, it was scandal, and talking, and rumors about people; that I had kept myself clean from them, and that there were few persons in the world dare tell me such things; and to find that I had been caught in the slum of them myself was very hard for my pride; that I had listened to these stories, and that I had believed them, and that I was ashamed and mortified about it, and that it was all the worse because it was toward a friend whom I had known and whom I had loved, and whose household was to me like my own home; that as it regarded his household, I hardly knew what to say; I could not understand it; how Elizabeth should have called me to a meeting to counsel her about a separation, without letting me know either before or at that interview that there had ever been discrepancy in the household of such a kind as there had been, I could not understand; I was absolutely bewildered by it; but that it seemed to me that if she had been led to transfer her affections from her husband by reason of my presence, I could not but feel that I was blameworthy; that she was a woman so quiet and so simple, her exterior life was so far from that, that I had never suspected it, but that her conduct led me to feel that the allegation was not untrue. I said to him that I could not conceive of any thing for which a man should blame himself more utterly than to intrude upon a household, and to be the means of breaking it up; that my idea of friendship and love was that it gave strength, and that I had always supposed that my presence in their family was giving strength to all of them, that it was a blessing to the children, that it was a help to the wife in her duties, and that it was not without a beneficial influence to Mr. Tilton, and that this came upon me like a thunder-clap, and I was amazed and bewildered by it. I felt ashamed to say, 'It is not my fault.' I felt rather the impulse, I suppose, which every gentleman will understand, to say, 'I ought to have foreseen; I was the oldest; I was the one that had had experience; she was a child; if she did not know that the tendrils of her affection were creeping up upon me, I ought to have known it;' and I expressed myself without measure on that subject. I alluded in the conversation to the feeling that I had always entertained for her as of a saint-like person, and to the conflict that now was in my mind in respect to her as one that had been broken down, and had brought these false charges against me, and taken them back, and was acting in a manner almost like one that was bereft of reason, and that I couldn't understand it."

As this conversation drew toward its close, and Mr. Beecher's earnestness of outpoured feeling was at its hottest, Mr. Moulton proposed to Mr. Beecher to write his expressions of regret to Mr. Tilton. "He believes you," said he, "to be his enemy, to be deliberately encompassing his downfall, to have not unconsciously transferred his wife's affections to yourself. If he could hear what I now hear, he would be satisfied of his error, and all might yet be well." Mr. Beecher declined. He could speak, but not write. Mr. Moulton then proposed to write himself. Mr. Beecher consented, and as the latter paced the room to and fro, pouring forth his excited feelings, the former sat at the table and wrote the following document:*

> "BROOKLYN, *January* 1, '71.
>
> "*In trust with F. D. Moulton.*
>
> "MY DEAR FRIEND MOULTON,—I ask through you Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and I humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing except that he will remember all the other hearts that would ache. I will not plead for myself; I even wish that I were dead. But others must live and suffer. I will die before any one but myself shall be inculpated. All my thoughts are running toward my friends, toward the poor child lying there and praying with her folded hands. She is guiltless, sinned against, bearing the transgression of another. Her forgiveness I have. I humbly pray to God that he may put it into the heart of her husband to forgive me."

As the writing drew to its close, the tea-bell rang. It was five o'clock. Mr. Moulton asked Mr. Beecher to add his name to the letter thus written. Mr. Beecher at first declined. "It is not my letter," said he. Mr. Moulton insisted. "It will not have the influence with Mr. Tilton without that it will if it has your name." Thus urged, Mr. Beecher took pen and wrote in the margin below these words:

> "I have trusted this to Moulton in confidence.
>
> "H. W. BEECHER."

In what sense and to what extent this document is Mr. Beecher's composition is one of the critical questions in the case. Of the interview at which it was composed there are but two witnesses, H. W. Beecher and F. D. Moulton. The latter swears that the letter was written by him at Mr. Beecher's dictation, word for word; that at its close it was first read to Mr. Beecher, and then re-read by Mr. Beecher; and that finally Mr. Beecher signed it with the full knowledge of its purport. Mr. Beecher swears equally explicitly that no single sentence was dictated by him; as he talked out of a full heart Mr. Moulton wrote with a nimble pen; that he neither heard it read nor read it; and that he appended his name simply as an assurance to Mr. Tilton that Mr. Moulton had in this manuscript (as Mr. Beecher then supposed) a true reflex of his own feelings—his sincere regard for Mr. Tilton, and his sincere sorrow for Mr. Tilton's misfortunes, and his own unconscious participation in their production. To the friends of Mr. Tilton it seems incredible that Mr. Beecher should have signed a document so portentous, with confidence so absolute and so blind. To the friends of Mr. Beecher it seems more incredible that a seducer should have surrendered, to a comparative stranger, written evidence of innocence, and on the following day should have given to the same person, to be preserved with that defense, a carefully prepared confession, in writing, of his crime. The considerate but impartial student of this case, desirous only of knowing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, will analyze this document, note its broken sentences, and see in its very structure the evidence of a partial report of excited feeling; he will remember Mr. Beecher's fervid oratory and his impulsive carelessness; he will recall the fact that the nimblest short-hand reporter finds his abilities tasked to the utmost in reporting Mr. Beecher in his more fervid moments, and he will hardly believe that this *mélange* of broken and disconnected sentences was dictated and signed with the deliberation which attends the preparation of a deed or of a will. But the careless public, who have read this paper in the earlier reports, and either never read or never duly considered Mr. Beecher's report of its composition and denial of its accuracy, will probably still continue to designate as Mr. Beecher's letter of contrition a document not one single sentence of which Mr. Beecher admits to be truly his own composition.

Mr. Moulton had come to Mr. Beecher as a peace-maker. As a peace-maker he had secured, first, Mrs. Tilton's retraction, next, Mr. Beecher's signature to the memorandum of January 1. The result appeared to justify his claim and the confidence reposed in him by Mr. Beecher. For, a few days after this document has been intrusted to him, Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton meet in Mr. Moulton's house; verbal explanations and apologies succeed the written one; they shake hands. At a second interview they kiss each other. A little later letters are exchanged all around—one from Theodore Tilton to Moulton, to be shown to Mr. Beecher; one from Mr. Beecher to Mr. Moulton, a pathetic jubilate that the past is past; and one from Mr. Beecher to Mrs. Tilton, commending to her confidence, as a counselor and a guide, his new friend and Theodore Tilton's old friend, Mr. Moulton. All is peace. From this time the history of this case is simple in its analysis, though complicated in its incidents—the history of a double movement: first, a concerted endeavor to lift Theodore Tilton up from the slough into which he has been cast, partly by his indiscreet utterances, partly by his erratic life, and partly by Mr. Bowen's flagrant injustice; second, the perpetual barring out of what proved to be an irrepressible scandal, and the continuous endeavors, more or less combined, to keep it from the public.

A rapid survey of the history of these concurrent movements will suffice our present purpose, which is simply to tell so much of this story as is necessary to the correct adjudication, by the public, of the principal question at issue.

Mr. Moulton undertakes the Herculean task of setting Mr. Tilton again upon the eminence from which he had fallen. It is a task rather like that of Sisyphus than like any of Hercules, for as often as Mr. Tilton is pushed up he persists in rolling down again. Mr. Moulton first sees Mr. Bowen, and demands the re-instatement of the discharged editor. He is unsuccessful in this demand. He next proposes to Mr. Beecher to put Theodore Tilton on the *Christian Union*. Mr. Beecher is equally decided in his refusal. Mr. Moulton then resolves that Mr. Tilton shall have an organ of his own; the necessary funds are raised through Mr. Moulton's influence, and in March, 1871, the *Golden Age* is started. It is to be religious, but to belong to no Church; to be political, but to belong to no party; to be devoted to moral reform, but to belong to no clique; above all, to be a Free Parliament for the free discussion of all themes by all classes of thinkers. Mr. Beecher does what he can to aid. He speaks a kind word for the new journal in the *Christian Union*. He is invited by Mr. Moulton to aid Mr. Tilton pecuniarily, and consents. His first contributions are in small sums; they

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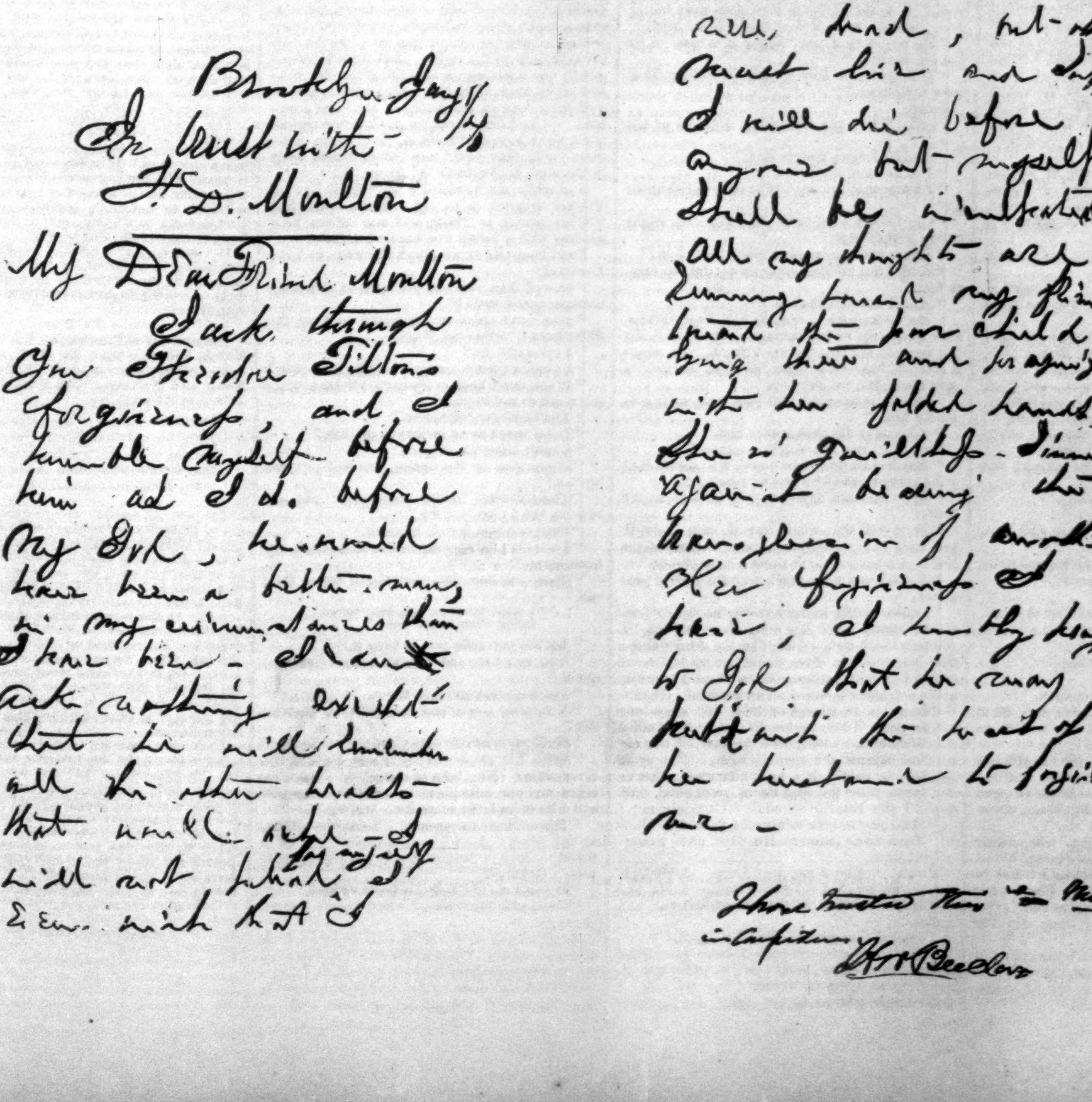
* We give the letter here in fac-simile, though reduced, that the reader may the better judge of its character, and probable genesis:



Brooklyn Jany 1/71
In trust with
F. D. Moulton

My Dear Friend Moulton
I ask through
you Theodore Tilton's
forgiveness, and I
humble myself before
him as I do before
my God, he would
have been a better man
in my circumstances than
I have been — I can
ask nothing except
that he will remember
all the other hearts
that would ache — I
will not plead for myself I
even wish that I
were dead, but others
must live and suffer.
I will die before
anyone but myself
shall be inculpated.
All my thoughts are
running toward my friends
toward the poor child
lying there and praying
with her folded hands;
She is guiltless — sinned
against bearing the
transgression of another
Her forgiveness I
have, I humbly pray
to God that he may
put it into the heart of
her husband to forgive
me —

I have trusted this to Moulton
in confidence
H W Beecher